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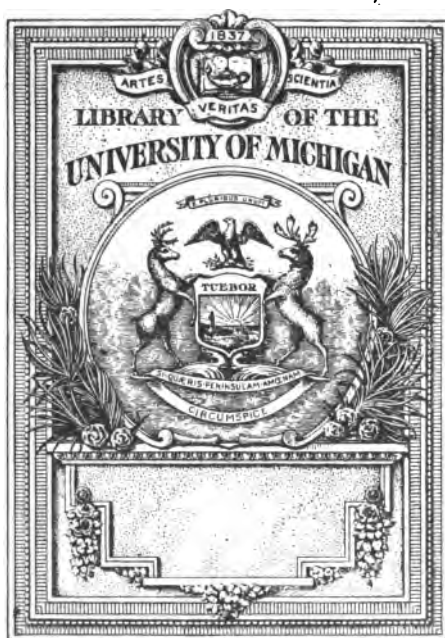
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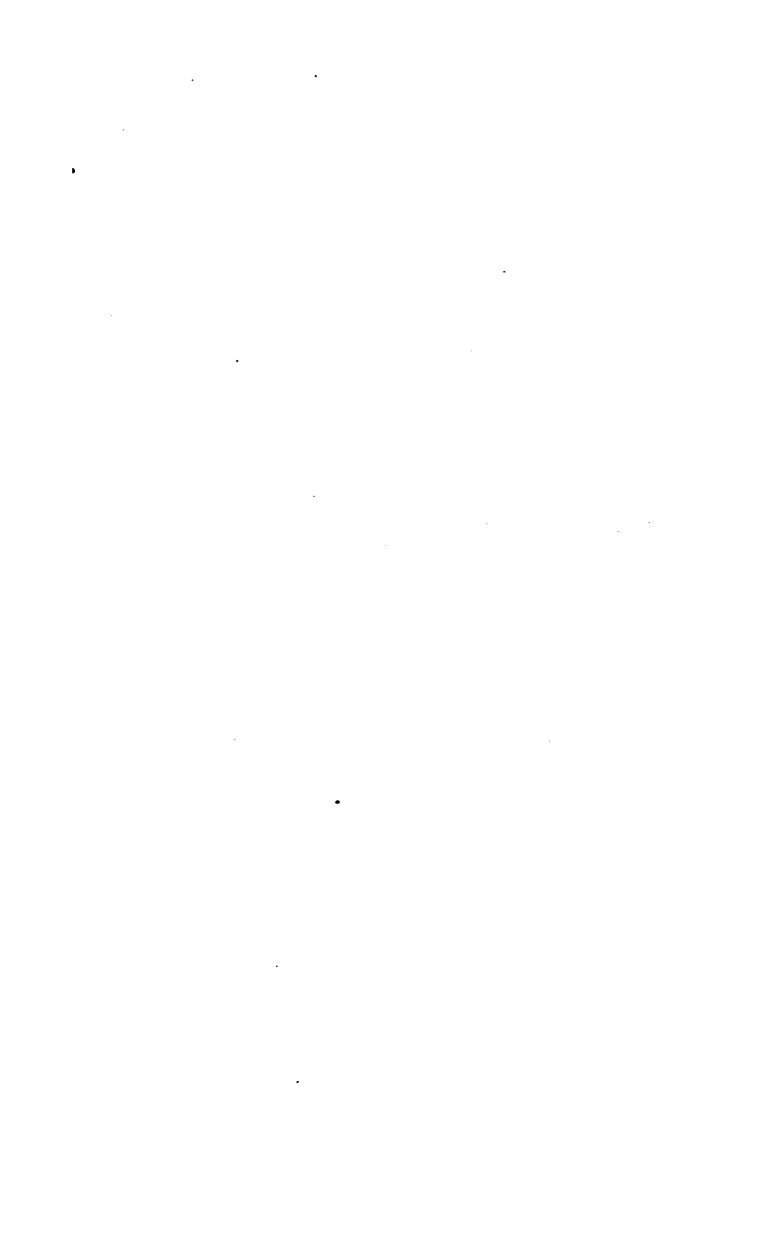
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SECOND EDITION, REVISED

LYRA SACRA

A BOOK OF
RELIGIOUS
VERSE SE-
LECTED BY

Henry Charles
H. C. BEECHING,
M.A. 1859 -

CANON OF WESTMINSTER

METHUEN & CO.
36 ESSEX ST. W.C.
LONDON
1903

*I got me flowers to straw Thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.*

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PREFACE

THE English are, or at any rate were, a very serious people, and therefore to bring a representative collection of their religious poetry within the compass of a single handy volume requires an editor to draw his lines of limitation sharply and clearly. The principles that have governed the present anthology are these : first, that while being representative on the whole of the current of religious verse, it should not necessarily represent any particular period that fell short in certain essential characteristics. Accordingly, the eighteenth century, which, however interesting in many respects, was not especially poetical or religious, supplies but twenty pages as against the hundred and fifty from the seventeenth. A second canon of choice has been, that no piece, however theologically sound or devotionally fervid, should find place which had not about it a genuine ring of poetry ; and, by complement, that none should be admitted which though poetical in treatment was not distinctly religious in

temper. In the third place, the book has not been weighted with hymns to be found in every collection; so that religious poets, whose writing has chiefly taken this form, such as Cowper and Wesley, and in more modern days Heber, Lyte, and Bonar, may seem to have scant justice done to them.

The standard of excellence has been kept as high as possible, but the very circumstances of the case prevent its being uniform. The high-water mark of the religious lyric in England is fixed by Herbert; Vaughan in one or two pieces reaches as high; so, in another style, do Crashaw and Marvell: but an anthology restricted to the best work of these few poets, and the one or two of our own day who might rank with them, would lack variety; which should be an essential characteristic. An anthology must, by its nature, admit excellence in many degrees and in many styles. In pursuit of this various excellence the Editor has cast his net as wide as possible. He has opened the book with the anonymous poets of the fifteenth century, now first restored from their honourable limbo in the reprints of learned societies to the full light and warmth of English homes. The occasional strangeness of the vocabulary or stiffness of the metre should not hinder the appreciation of so

lovely an allegory as *Quia Amore Languet*, or such direct and simple appeals as "Be my comfort, Christ Jesu," and "Jesu, Lord, that madest me." In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it has not been the Editor's good fortune to add any new stars to the map of the heavens, but he may claim that certain of the brighter luminaries, Donne, Giles Fletcher, and Crashaw, are here for the first time on their religious side exhibited to the public in their proper greatness; and Mr Bertram Dobell has allowed him to select from the poems of Thomas Traherne, a poet whose works he lately discovered and is now editing for the press. In regard to Herbert, the question of choice has been a difficult one. In thought and in style he is one of the most equal of writers, and it seemed absurd to transfer to an anthology some forty or fifty pages of a volume which is on the shelves, if not in the memory, of every educated Christian; on the other hand, it seemed equally absurd to pass him by. Accordingly, the Editor has chosen what seem to him the most generally interesting of the less personal poems.

The difficulty felt about selecting from Herbert recurs in the case of Keble, though in a somewhat different shape. The "Christian Year," though a work of very inferior genius

to the "Temple," is written in a style of as uniform if not as high an excellence, and it is far more widely popular. It had reached its 145th edition before the copyright expired in 1872; and since then every publisher of religious books has had his own editions. It seemed sufficient therefore to represent the "Christian Year" by separate stanzas which rise above the level of their surroundings, and to give more space to poems by Keble not in that collection; some of which indeed must be allowed to rank among his finest works.

Since this anthology was first issued in 1895 many poems by distinguished writers have passed out of copyright. Owing to the kindness of the representatives of A. H. Clough and Matthew Arnold and Archbishop Trench the Editor was able in the first edition to include such poems by these writers as he desired, so that he has no need to add to them now. The three poems of Newman's then allowed him by the Rev. Father Nevile, as the literary executor of the Cardinal, have been supplemented by others; and the anthology is richer in consequence. It is richer also by the presence of the great name of Tennyson. From the "In Memoriam," where so much was to his purpose, the Editor has selected the sections that deal

PREFACE

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with the problem of Immortality. He has to thank Messrs Macmillan for allowing him to include two copyright lyrical pieces, "On a Mourner" and "Crossing the Bar." About half of Browning's poetry is now at the service of the anthologist. The best known of the shorter religious poems come in the later volumes; but the poems here given are excellent and characteristic. From living writers the Editor has received uniform generosity; and the reader will understand that for the presence of their poems in these pages, he has in every case to thank the author. For permission to print copyright poems by authors no longer living, thanks are due to their representatives; and in sending a revised edition of the anthology to press, the Editor may be allowed to express his regret that among the number are included three poets of great genius, who seven years ago allowed him a free hand in his selection from their writings, Miss Christina Rossetti, Mr Coventry Patmore, and Mr F. W. H. Myers.

JANUARY 1903



LYRA SACRA

BE MY COMFORT, CHRIST JESUS!

JESUS that sprang of Jesse's root,
As us hath preached the prophete,
Flower and fruit both soft and soote¹
To mannis soul of savour sweet;
Jesu, Thou broughtest man to boot
When Gabriel gan Mary greet,
To fell our foemen under foot,
In her Thou sit'st a seemly seat;
A maiden was Thy mother meet,
Of whom Thou tookest flesh for us;
As ye may both my balës beet,²
So be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

Jesu, Thou art wisdom of wit,
Of Thy Father full of might!
Mannis soul to saven it,
In poor apparel Thou wert dight.
Jesu, Thou were in cradle knit
In weedë wrapped both day and night,

¹ Sweet.

² Amend.

The three anonymous poems which open our anthology are taken from an early fifteenth-century MS. in Lambeth Library. They were first printed by the Early English Text Society in 1866-67, and are now offered, slightly modernised, to the general reader.

LYRA SACRA

In Bethlehem born, as the gospel writ,
 With angels' song and heaven light.
 Bairn y-born of a birdë¹ bright,
 Full courteous was Thy comely cus;²
 Through virtue of that sweetë light,
 So be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

Jesu, that were of yearës young,
 Fair and fresh of hide and hue,
 When Thou were in thraldom throng³
 And tormented with many a Jew;
 When blood and water were out-wrong,
 For beating was Thy body blue;
 As a clod of clay Thou were for-clong,⁴
 So dead in trough⁵ then men Thee threw.
 But grace out of Thy gravë grew;
 Thou rose up quick, comfort to us.
 For her love that this counsel knew,
 So be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

Jesu, soothfast God and Man,
 Two kindis knit in one persone,
 The wonder work that Thou began,
 Thou hast fulfilled in flesh and bone.
 Out of this world wytely⁶ Thou wan,
 Lifting up Thyself alone;
 For mightily Thou rose, and ran
 Straight unto Thy Father in throne.
 Now dare man make no morë moan;
 For man it is Thou wroughtë thus,

¹ Maid.² Kiss.³ Driven.⁴ Shrunk.⁵ Grave.⁶ Actively.

ANONYMOUS

3

And God with man is made at one,
So be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

Jesu, my sovereign Saviour,
Almighty God, there be no mo ;
Christ, be Thou my Governour,
Thy faith let me not fallen fro.
Jesu, my joy and my succour,
In my body and soul also,
God, be Thou my strongest food,
And wis¹ Thou me when me is woe.
Lord, Thou makest friend of foe,
Let me not live in languor thus,
But see my sorrow, and say now "ho!"²
And be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

Jesu, to Thee I cry and greed,³
Prince of Peace, to Thee I pray ;
Thou wouldest bleed for mannis need,
And suffer many a fearful fray.
Thou me feed in all my dread
With patiencë now and ay
My life to lead in word and deed,
As is most pleasant to Thy pay,⁴
And to die well when it is my day.
Jesu, that died on tree for us,
Let me not be the fiendis prey,
But be my comfort, Christ Jesus. Amen.

¹ Guide. ² i.e. Stay it. ³ Moan. ⁴ Pleasure.

PRAYER OF RICHARD
DE CASTRE

JESU, Lord, that madest me,
And with Thy blessed blood has bought,
Forgive that I have grieved Thee
With word, with will, and eke with thought.

Jesu, in whom is all my trust,
That died upon the roodë tree,
Withdraw my heart from fleshly lust
And from all worldly vanity.

Jesu, for Thy woundës smart
On feet and on Thy handës two,
Make me meek and low of heart,
And Thee to love as I should do.

Jesu, for Thy bitter wound
That wentë to Thine heartë root,
For sin that hath my heartë bound
Thy blessed blood must be my boot.

And Jesu Christ, to Thee I call,
That art God, full of might,
Keep me clean, that I ne fall
In deadly sin by day ne night.

Jesu, grant me mine asking,
Perfect patience in my disease;
And never might I do that thing
Should Thee in any wise displease.

Jesu, that art our heavenly King,
Soothfast God and Man also,
Give me grace of good ending
And them that I am holden to.

Jesu, for the deadly tears
That Thou sheddest, for my guilt,
Hear and speed Thou my prayers
And spare me that I be not spilt.

Jesu, for them I Thee beseech
That wrathen Thee in any wise,
Withhold from them Thy hand of wreach¹
And let them live in Thy service.

Jesu, most comfort for to see
Of Thy saintis evereachone,²
Comfort them that careful be,
And help them that be woe-begone.

Jesu, keep them that be good,
Amend them that have grieved Thee,
And send them fruits of earthly food
As each man need'th in his degree.

Jesu, that art withouten lees³
Almighty God in Trinity,
Cease these wars, and send us peace
With lasting love and charity.

Jesu, that art the ghostly stone
Of Holy Church in middle earth,
Bring Thy folds and flocks in one
And rule them rightly with one herd.

¹ Vengeance.

² Everyone.

³ Lies.

Jesu, for Thy blessedful blood
 Bring, if Thou wilt, the souls to bliss
 From whom I have had any good,
 And spare that they have done amiss. Amen.

QUIA AMORE LANGUEO

IN a valley of this restless mind
 I sought in mountain and in mead,
 Trusting a true love for to find.
 Upon an hill then took I heed ;
 A voice I heard (and near I yede ¹)
 In great dolour complaining tho : ²
 See, dear soul, how my sides bleed :
Quia amore langueo.

Upon this hill I found a tree,
 Under the tree a man sitting ;
 From head to foot wounded was he,
 His heartë blood I saw bleeding.
 A seemly man to be a king,
 A gracious face to look unto.
 I asked why he had paining :
 He said, *Quia amore langueo.*

I am true love that false was never ;
 My sister, man's soul, I loved her thus.
 Because we would in no wise dissever,
 I left my kingdom glorious.

¹ Went.

² Then.

I purveyed her a palace full precious ;
She fled, I followed, I loved her so,
That I suffered this pain piteous,
Quia amore languo.

My fair love and my spouse bright !
I saved her fro beating, and she hath me bet ;
I clothed her in grace and heavenly light,
This bloody shirt she hath on me set :
For longing of love yet would I not let ;
Sweetè strokès are these : lo !
I have loved her ever as I her het,¹
Quia amore languo.

I crowned her with bliss, and she me with thorn ;
I led her to chamber, and she me to die ;
I brought her to worship, and she me to scorn ;
I did her reverence, and she me villainy.
To love that loveth is no maistry : ²
Her hate made never my love her foe—
Ask me then no question why—
Quia amore languo.

Look unto mine handes, man !
These gloves were given me when I her sought ;
They be not white, but red and wan ;
Embroidered with blood my spouse them
brought ;
They will not off, I loose them nought,
I woo her with them wherever she go.
These hands for her so friendly fought,
Quia amore languo.

¹ Promised.

² Need.

Marvel not, man, though I sit still :
 See, love hath shod me wonder strait,
 Buckled my feet, as was her will,
 With sharpë nails (well thou mayest wait !).
 In my love was never desait,
 All my members I have opened her to ;
 My body I made her heartes bait,¹
Quia amore langueo.

In my side I have made her nest ;
 Look in ; how wide a wound is here !
 This is her chamber, here shall she rest,
 That she and I may sleep in fere.²
 Here may she wash if any filth were,
 Here is succour for all her woe ;
 Come when she will she shall have cheer,
Quia amore langueo.

I will abide till she be ready ;
 I will her sue or she say nay ;
 If she be retchless I will be greedy,
 If she be dangerous I will her pray ;
 If she do weep, then bide I ne may :
 Mine arms been spread to clip her me to.
 Cry once, I come : now soul, assay
Quia amore langueo.

Fairë love, let us go play,
 Apples been ripe in my gardine ;
 I shall thee clothe in a new array,
 Thy meat shall be milk, honey and wine.

¹ Resting-place.

² Together.

Fairë love, let us go dine ;
Thy sustenance is in my scrip, lo !
Tarry not now, my fair spouse mine,
Quia amore langueo.

If thou be foul, I shall thee make clean,
If thou be sick, I shall thee heal ;
If thou mourn aught, I shall thee mene.¹
Spouse, why wilt thou not with me deal ?
Foundest thou ever love so leal ?
What wilt thou, soul, that I shall do ?
I may not unkindly thee appeal,
Quia amore langueo.

What shall I do now with my spouse
But abide her of my gentleness,
Till that she look out of her house
Of fleshly affection ? love mine she is ;
Her bed is made, her bolster is bliss,
Her chamber is chosen ; is there none mo.
Look out at the window of kindëness,
Quia amore langueo.

My love's in her chamber, hold your peace !
Make no noise, but let her sleep ;
My babe shall suffer no disease,
I may not hear my dear child weep.
With my pap I shall her keep,
Ne marvel ye not though I tend her to ;
This hole in my side had ne'er been so deep,
But *quia amore langueo.*

¹ Care for.

Long and love thou never so high,
My love is more than thine may be ;
Thou gladdest, thou weepest, I sit thee by ;
Yet wouldst thou once, love, look at me !
Should I alway feedë thee
With children's meat ? nay, love, not so !
I will prove thy love with adversity,
Quia amore languo.

Wax not weary, mine ownë wife !
What meed is aye to live in comfort ?
In tribulation I reign more rife
Ofter timës than in disport.
In weal and in woe I am aye to support,
Mine ownë wife, go not me fro !
Thy meed is marked, when thou are mort,
Quia amore languo.

Anon.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE

O YOUNGË freshë folkës, he or she,
 In which that love upgroweth with your
 age,
 Repaireth home from worldly vanity,
 And of your heart upcasteth the visage
 To thilkë God, that after His image
 You made, and thinketh all nis¹ but a fair,
 This world that passeth soon, as flowrës fair.

And loveth Him the which that, right for love,
 Upon a cross, our soulës for to buy,
 First starf² and rose, and sits in heaven above;
 For He nil¹ falsen no wight, dare I say,
 That will His heart all wholly on Him lay;
 And since He best to love is, and most meek,
 What needeth feigned lovës for to seek?

Geoffrey Chaucer.

¹ Is not, will not.

² Died.

From "Troilus and Criseyde," v. *ad. fin.* *Repaireth*,
upcasteth, etc., are imperatives.

PILGRIMAGE

GIVE me my scallop-shell of Quiet,
My staff of Faith to walk upon ;
My scrip of Joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of Salvation,
My gown of Glory, hope's true gage ;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given ;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven ;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be adry before ;
But after it will thirst no more.

The conclusion of Raleigh's "Pilgrimage," which may be found in Hannah's "Courtly Poets," is here omitted, both because "nectar suckets" and "crystal buckets" are intolerably quaint to us, and also because Raleigh's indictment of the administration of justice in his day is happily without application to ours.

WRITTEN IN HIS BIBLE THE
NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust ;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days ;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust !

Sir Walter Raleigh.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS

AND is there care in heaven? And is there
love

In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?

There is: else much more wretched were the
case

Of men than beasts. But oh, th' exceeding
grace

Of highest God that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,

That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked men, to serve His wicked
foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave

To come to succour us that succour want!

How oft do they with golden pinions cleave

The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!

They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;

And all for love, and nothing for reward.

O why should heavenly God to men have such
regard?

"The Ministry of Angels" is from the "Faerie
Queene," II. viii. 1, 2; "The Love of Christ," from
"A Hymn of Heavenly Love."

EASTER DAY

MOST glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make Thy triumph over death and
sin,
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win ;
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we, for whom Thou diddest
die,
Being with Thy dear blood clean washed from
sin,
May live for ever in felicity !
And that Thy love we weighing worthily
May likewise love Thee for the same again ;
And for Thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought ;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST

O HUGE and most unspeakable impression
Of love's deep wound, that pierced the
piteous heart
Of that dear Lord with so entire affection,
And, sharply launching¹ every inner part,
Dolours of death into His soul did dart,
Doing Him die, that never it deserved,
To free His foes, that from His hest had
swerved !

¹ Piercing.

What heart can feel least touch of so sore
 launch,
 Or thought can think the depth of so dear
 wound ?
Whose bleeding source their streams can never
 staunch,
 But still do flow, and freshly still redound,
 To heal the sores of sinful souls unsound,
 And cleanse the guilt of that infected crime
 Which was enrooted in all fleshly slime.

O blessed Well of Love ! O Flower of Grace !
 O glorious Morning Star ! O Lamp of Light !
Most lively image of Thy Father's face,
 Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
 Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds
 behight,¹
 How can we Thee requite for all this good ?
 Or what can prize² that Thy most precious
 blood ?

Yet nought Thou ask'st in lieu of all this love
 But love of us, for guerdon of Thy pain ;
Ay me ! what can us less than that behove ?
 Had He required life of us again,
 Had it been wrong to ask His own with gain ?
 He gave us life, He it restored lost ;
 Then life were least that us so little cost.

But He our life hath left unto us free,
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was
 banned ;

¹ Ordained. ² Equal in value.

Ne ought demands but that we loving be,
As He Himself hath loved us aforehand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him first to love that us so dearly bought,
And next our brethren, to His image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amiss,
Us wretches from the second death did save ;
And last, the food of life, which now we have,
Even He Himself, in His dear sacrament,
To feed our hungry souls, unto us lent.

Then next to love our brethren, that were made
Of that self mould and that self Maker's hand
That we, and to the same again shall fade ;
(Where they shall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher steps we stand)
Which also were with self-same price re-
deemed
That we, however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for His sake,
Even for His sake and for His sacred word,
Which as His last bequest He to us spake,
We should them love and with their needs
partake ;
Knowing that, whatso'er to them we give,
We give to Him by whom we all do live.

Edmund Spenser.

SONNET

LEAVE me, O love which reachest but to
dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the
light,
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
Oh, take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to
death,
And think how ill becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly
breath.
Then farewell world, thy uttermost I see;
Eternal Love, maintain Thy life in me.
Sir Philip Sidney.

This Sonnet concludes the series of "Sonnets to Stella."

PSALM CXXXIX

O LORD, in me there lieth nought
 But to Thy search revealed lies ;
 For when I sit
 Thou markest it ;
 No less Thou notest when I rise ;
 Yea, closest closet of my thought
 Hath open windows to Thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk ;
 When to my bed for rest I go,
 I find Thee there
 And everywhere :
 Not youngest thought in me doth grow,
 No, not one word I cast to talk,
 But, yet unuttered, Thou dost know.

If forth I march, Thou go'st before ;
 If back I turn, Thou com'st behind ;
 So forth nor back
 Thy guard I lack.
 Nay, on me too Thy hand I find.
 Well I Thy wisdom may adore
 But never reach with earthy mind.

Mary Herbert, celebrated in Browne's epitaph as
 "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," versified the
 Psalter, from Psalm xlv. to the end ; her brother
 being responsible for the earlier portion.

To shun Thy notice, leave Thine eye,
O whither might I take my way?
To starry sphere?
Thy throne is there.
To dead men's undelightsome stay?
There is Thy walk, and there to lie
Unknown in vain I should assay.

O sun, whom light nor flight can match,
Suppose thy lightful flightful wings
Thou lend to me
And I could flee
As far as Thee the evening brings:
Ev'n led to west He would me catch,
Nor should I lurk with western things.

Do thou thy best, O secret night,
In sable veil to cover me:
Thy sable veil
Shall vainly fail;
With day unmasked my night shall be;
For night is day, and darkness light,
O Father of all lights, to Thee.
Mary, Countess of Pembroke.

FAITH AND WORKS

ETERNAL Truth, almighty, infinite,
Only exiled from man's fleshly heart,
Where ignorance and disobedience fight
In hell and sin which shall have greatest part,
When Thy sweet mercy opens forth the light
Of grace, which giveth eyes unto the blind,
And with the law even plowest up our sprite
To faith, wherein flesh may salvation find,
Thou bid'st us pray, and we do pray to Thee,
But as to Power, and God, without us placed,
Thinking a wish may wear out vanity,
Or habits be by miracles defaced.
One thought to God we give, the rest to sin ;
Quickly unbent is all desire of good ;

From "Cœlica," Sonnet xcvi. Lord Brooke was the intimate friend and companion of Sir Philip Sidney, and shared his literary tastes. His own writing is usually very crabbed, but it is full of thought, and often startlingly modern. Here is a verse on "Inconsistency," from "A Treatise of Warres," of which Coleridge was fond :

"God and the world they worship still together :
Draw not their laws to Him, but His to theirs ;
Untrue to both, so prosperous in neither ;
Amid their own desires still raising fears ;
Unwise, as all distracted powers be ;
Strangers to God, fools to humanity.
Too good for great things and too great for
good," etc.

True words pass out, but have no being within;
We pray to Christ, yet help to shed His
blood;

For while we say *believe*, and feel it not,
Promise amends, and yet despair in it,
Hear Sodom judged, and go not out with Lot
Make law and gospel riddles of the wit,
We with the Jews even Christ still crucify,
As not yet come to our impiety.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

THE BURNING BABE

AS I in hoary Winter's night stood shivering
in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat, which made
my heart to glow ;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire
was near,
A pretty Babe, all burning bright, did in the
air appear ;
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods
of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames
which with His tears were fed ;
Alas, quoth He, but newly born, in fiery heats
I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel
my fire but I !
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel
wounding thorns,
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes
shame and scorns ;
The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows
the coals ;
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's
defiled souls,
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them
to their good,
So will I melt into a bath to wash them in My
blood.

—With this He vanished out of sight and
 swiftly shrunk away,
 And straight I callèd unto mind that it was
 Christmas-day.

MAN'S CIVIL WAR

MY hovering thoughts would fly to heaven,
 And quiet nestle in the sky ;
 Fain would my ship in Virtue's shore
 Without remove at anchor lie.

But mounting thoughts are haled down,
 With heavy poise of mortal load ;
 And blustering storms deny my ship
 In Virtue's haven secure abode.

Southwell was a Jesuit priest who was executed under Elizabeth's Acts against the Romanists after being "thirteen times most cruelly tortured" to make him confess with whom he had been hiding. His best-known poems are "The Burning Babe," and others upon the Nativity, where his quaintness is less out of place than in penitential verse. His longest effort, "St Peter's Complaint," though by no means without genuine feeling, is hard to read, owing to the merciless coruscation of conceits, and the monotony arising from over-elaborate balance and want of variety in the pause. There are also occasional lapses in taste. But, compared with Crashaw, his sentimental peccadilloes are inconsiderable. Now and then he writes a perfect epigram, as in the final couplet of "Scorn not the Least"—

"We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
 Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away."

When inward eye to heavenly sights
Doth draw my longing heart's desire,
The world with jesses of delights
Would to her perch my thoughts retire.

Fond Fancy trains to Pleasure's lure,
Though Reason stiffly do repine ;
Though Wisdom woo me to the saint,
Yet Sense would win me to the shrine.

Need craves consent of soul to sense,
Yet divers bents breed civil fray ;
Hard hap where halves must disagree,
Or truce of halves the whole betray !

O cruel fight ! where fighting friend
With love doth kill a favouring foe ;
Where peace with sense is war with God,
And self-delight the seed of woe !

AT HOME IN HEAVEN

FRAIL soul ! how long shall veils thy graces
shroud ?

How long shall this exile withhold thy right ?
When will thy sun disperse his mortal cloud,
And give thy glories scope to blaze their
light ?

Oh, that a star, more fit for angels' eyes,
Should pine in earth, not shine above the skies !

Thy ghostly beauty offer'd force to God,
 It chainèd Him in links of tender love ;
 It won His will with man to make abode ;
 It stay'd His sword, and did His wrath
 remove :
 It made the rigour of His justice yield,
 And crownèd Mercy empress of the field.

This brought Him from the ranks of heavenly
 quires
 Into this vale of tears and cursèd soil ;
 From flowers of grace into a world of briars,
 From life to death, from bliss to baleful toil.
 This made Him wander in our pilgrim weed,
 And taste our torments to relieve our need.

LOST GRACE

O GRACE, where is the joy
 That makes thy torments sweet ?
 Where is the cause that many thought
 Their deaths through thee but meet ?

Where thy disdain of sin,
 Thy secret, sweet delight ?
 Thy sparks of bliss, thy heavenly rays,
 That shinèd erst so bright ?

O that they were not lost,
 Or I could it excuse ;
 O that a dream of feignèd loss
 My judgment did abuse !

Yet God's must I remain,
By death, by wrong, by shame ;
I cannot blot out of my heart
That grace wrought in His name.

I cannot set at nought
Whom I have held so dear ;
I cannot make Him seem afar
That is indeed so near.

Robert Southwell.

FAITH AND FORM

SACRED Religion, mother of form and fear,
 How gorgeously sometime dost thou sit
 decked,

What pompous vestures do we make thee wear,
 What stately piles we prodigal erect ;
 How sweet perfumed thou art, how shining clear,
 How solemnly observed, with what respect !

Another time all plain, all quite threadbare,
 Thou must have all within, and nought
 without ;

Sit poorly, without light, disrobed ; no care
 Of outward grace, t'amuse the poor devout ;
 Powerless, unfollowed, scarcely men can spare
 The necessary rites to set thee out.

"Faith and Form" is from "Musophilus";
 "Works" from "Epistle to Sir Thomas Egerton."
 Daniel's readers would probably be increased by hun-
 dreds, if there were a modern edition of his poems.
 His writing, to quote Dr Macdonald, is "full of the
 practical wisdom of the inner life." Two lines of the
 "Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland" have be-
 come part of our circulating medium in moral ideas—

"Unless above himself he can
 Erect himself, how poor a thing is man."

Coleridge says of him, "Read Daniel, the admirable
 Daniel ; the style and language are just such as any
 very pure and manly writer of the present day—
 Wordsworth, for example—would use ; it seems quite
 modern in comparison with the style of Shakespeare."
 —("Table Talk," Bohn's ed., p. 278.)

WORKS

ALL glory else besides ends with our breath,
And men's respects scarce bring us to our
grave ;

But this of doing good must outlive death,
And have a right out of the right it gave.
Though th' act but few, th' example profiteth
Thousands, that shall thereby a blessing have.
The world's respect grows not but on deserts ;
Power may have knees, but Justice hath our
hearts.

Samuel Daniel.

TO ST MARGARET

FAIR Amazon of heaven, who took'st in hand
St Michael and St George to imitate,
And for a tyrant's love transformed to hate
Wast for thy lily faith retained in band :
Alone on foot and with thy naked hand
Thou didst like Michael and his host, and that
For which on horse arm'd George we celebrate,
Whilst thou like them a dragon didst withstand.
Behold my soul, shut in my body's jail,
The which the drake of hell gapes to devour !
Teach me, O Virgin, how thou didst prevail !
Virginitie, thou say'st, was all thine aid.
Give me then purity instead of power,
And let my soul, maid chaste, pass for a maid.
Henry Constable.

SOUL AND BODY

POOR soul ! the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by¹ these rebel powers that thee
array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge ? is this thy body's end ?

Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
Within be fed, without be rich no more ;

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying
then.

William Shakespeare.

¹ Malone : "starved by," Steevens. The first two words are lost, and have been variously supplied.

THE CHRISTIAN STOIC

THE man of life upright,
 Whose guiltless heart is free
 From all dishonest deeds,
 Or thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days
 In harmless joys are spent,
 Whom hopes cannot delude
 Nor sorrow discontent :

That man needs neither towers
 Nor armour for defence,
 Nor secret vaults to fly
 From thunder's violence :

He only can behold
 With unaffrighted eyes
 The horrors of the deep
 And terrors of the skies.

The name of Campion was unknown to this generation, although famous in his own, until first Mr Arber, and then Mr Bullen, reprinted the verses from his Song-Books. His praise has been well expressed in the line that Peele addressed to him :—

“Thou

That richly cloth'st conceit with well-made words.”

His thought is luminous and his verse transparent. He is not perhaps quite so happy in religious as in love poetry.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things,

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

SONG

AUTHOR of life, revive my dying sprite !
Redeem it from the snares of all-con-
founding night !

Lord, light me to Thy blessed way !
For blind with worldly vain desires I wander
as astray.

Sun and moon, stars and under-lights I see ;
But all their glorious beams are mist and dark-
ness, being compared to Thee.

Fountain of health, my soul's deep wounds
recure !

Sweet showers of pity rain, wash my unclean-
ness pure !

One drop of Thy desired grace
The faint and fading heart can raise, and in
joy's bosom place.

Sin and death, hell and tempting fiends may rage,
But God His own will guard, and their sharp
pains and grief in time assuage.

SONG

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent
to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of
my troubled breast.
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my
soul to rest !

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high
Paradise,
Cold age deafe not there our ears nor vapour
dims our eyes :
Glory there the sun outshines ; whose beams
the blessed only see.
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my
sprite to Thee !

Thomas Campion.

DIALOGUE

Soul. AY me, poor soul, whom bound in
sinful chains

This wretched body keeps against my
will!

Body. Ay me, poor body, whom for all my
pains

This froward soul causeless condemneth
still.

Soul. Causeless? whenas thou striv'st to sin
each day!

Body. Causeless! whenas I strive thee to obey!

Soul. Thou art the means by which I fall
to sin.

Body. Thou art the cause that set'st this means
a-work.

Soul. No part of thee that hath not faulty been.

Body. I show the poison that in thee doth lurk.

Soul. I shall be pure whenso I part from thee.

Body. So were I now but that thou stainest me.

A. W.'s verses were contributed to Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody" (1602). For the discussion as to his identity, the reader is referred to Mr Bullen's preface to his edition of the "Rhapsody" (Bell, 1870). It might seem a pity to see in his initials, as some suggest, but another form of the too familiar *anonymous writer*; but the mystery has not otherwise been solved.

THOUGH late, my heart, yet turn at last,
 And shape thy course another way;
 'Tis better lose thy labour past
 Than follow on to sure decay :
 What though thou long have strayed awry?
 In hope of grace for mercy cry.

Though weight of sin doth press thee down
 And keep thee grovelling on the ground ;
 Though black Despair, with angry frown,
 Thy wit and judgment quite confound ;
 Though time and wit have been misspent,
 Yet grace is left if thou repent.

Weep then, my heart, weep still and still,
 Nay, melt to floods of flowing tears ;
 Send out such shrieks as heaven may fill
 And pierce thine angry Judge's ears,
 And let thy soul that harbours sin,
 Bleed streams of blood to drown it in.

Then shall thine angry Judge's face
 To cheerful looks itself apply ;
 Then shall thy soul be filled with grace,
 And fear of death constrained to fly.
 Even so, my God ! oh when ? how long ?
 I would, but sin is too, too strong.

I strive to rise, sin keeps me down ;
 I fly from sin, sin follows me.
 My will doth reach at glory's crown ;
 Weak is my strength, it will not be.
 See how my fainting soul doth pant ;
 Oh, let Thy strength supply my want.
A. W.

URBS BEATA HIERUSALEM

HIERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil!

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God Himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

This popular poem, founded on Damian's "Ad prennis vitae fontem," was first printed at the end of an anonymous poem, "The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ," 1601, and there initialed F. B. P. The text here followed is that of Mr W. T. Brooke, of the British Museum (from a MS. there), who added an interesting selection of inedited poems to the edition of G. Fletcher's "Christ's Victory and triumph" (Griffith & Farran). I have omitted six verses and grouped the remainder in sections.

Hierusalem ! Hierusalem !
God grant I once¹ may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye to be.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
Thy very streets are paved with gold
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold,—
O God, that I were there !

Ah, my sweet home, Hierusalem,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

We that are here in banishment
Continually do moan,
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

¹ At last.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain ;
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green ;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring ;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

There David stands, with harp in hands
As master of the choir,
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.

Our Lady sings Magnificat
With tones surpassing sweet,
And all the virgins bear their part,
Sitting about her feet.

There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessed saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.

Hierusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see! Amen.
F. B. P.

THE INVITATION

LORD, what unvalued pleasures crown'd
The days of old ;
When Thou wert so familiar found,
Those days were gold ;

When Abram wished, Thou could'st afford
With him to feast ;
When Lot but said, "Turn in, my Lord,"
Thou wert his guest.

But ah ! this heart of mine doth pant
And beat for Thee ;
Yet Thou art strange, and will not grant
Thyself to me !

What, shall thy people be so dear
To Thee no more ?
Or is not heaven to earth as near
As heretofore ?

The famished raven's hoarser cry
Finds out Thine ear ;
My soul is famished and I die
Unless Thou hear.

Printed in Mr Brooke's collection, referred to
above (p. 37). It would seem to be founded upon
Herbert's poem called "Decay."

THE HEART'S CHAMBERS

IF I could shut the gate against my thoughts
 And keep out sorrow from this room within,
 Or memory could cancel all the notes
 Of my misdeeds, and I unthink my sin :
 How free, how clear, how clean my soul should lie,
 Discharged of such a loathsome company !

Or were there other rooms without my heart
 That did not to my conscience join so near,
 Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin apart
 That I might not their clam'rous crying hear ;
 What peace, what joy, what ease should I
 possess,
 Freed from their horrors that my soul oppress !

But, O my Saviour, who my refuge art,
 Let Thy dear mercies stand 'twixt them and
 me,
 And be the wall to separate my heart,
 So that I may at length repose me free ;
 That peace, and joy, and rest may be within,
 And I remain divided from my sin.

From John Danyel's "Songs for the Lute, Viol,
 and Voice."

CONFESSION

LET not the sluggish sleep
 Close up thy waking eye,
 Until with judgment deep
 Thy daily deeds thou try :

He that one sin in conscience keeps
When he to quiet goes,
More vent'rous is than he that sleeps
With twenty mortal foes.

A ROYAL GUEST

YET if his majesty our sovereign lord
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand.

"Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

"Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dais o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?

"Let not the sluggish sleep," from William Byrd's
"Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets," 1611. "Yet if his
majesty," from Christ Church MS., K. iii. 43-45.
These three poems are borrowed from Mr Bullen's
"Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books"; for the last
especially every reader will be grateful to him.

Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place."

Thus if the king were coming would we do,
And 'twere good reason too ;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven :
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And as at first still lodge Him in the manger.

Anon.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE

O IGNORANT poor man ! what dost thou
bear,
Locked up within the casket of thy breast ?
What jewels and what riches hast thou here !
What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest !

Think of her worth and think that God did
mean
This worthy mind should worthy things
embrace :

Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quickening power with surfeitings ;
Mar not her sense with sensuality ;
Cast not her serious wit on idle things ;
Make not her free-will slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that death against her nature is ;
Think it a birth ; and when thou go'st to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

Sir John Davies is one of the more successful of our philosophical poets. The first passage here chosen is from the close of his poem "Of the Soul of Man and the Immortality thereof," which is the second part of "Nosce Teipsum." The two verses on "Self-Knowledge" are from the first part.

And thou my soul, which turn'st thy curious eye
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou can'st know nothing perfectly,
While thou are clouded with this flesh of mine.

Cast down thyself and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred name :
Use all thy powers that blessed Power to praise,
Which gives thee power to be and use the
same.

SELF-IGNORANCE

WE seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and
floods of Nile ;
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone
And pass both tropics, and behold the poles,
When we come home are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own souls.

Sir John Davies.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY
LIFE

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Sir Henry Wotton, whose life is so charmingly told by Izaak Walton, is probably best known now by his poem on the Queen of Bohemia. But his religious verse is of no mean order. His life was passed in diplomacy, chiefly at Venice ; he was the author of the famous epigram, " An ambassador is an honest man, sent to lie abroad for the good of his country " ; *to lie* being the technical term for an ambassador's residence. In old age he became Provost of Eton. Milton's " Comus " is preceded by a delightful letter from him, written the year before his death.

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall :
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And, having nothing, yet hath all.

HYMN

ETERNAL Mover, whose diffusèd glory,
 To show our grovelling reason what Thou
 art,
 Unfolds itself in clouds of nature's story,
 Where man, Thy proudest creature, acts his
 part,
 Whom yet, alas, I know not why, we call
 The world's contracted sum, the little all ;

For what are we but lumps of walking clay ?
 Why should we swell ? whence should our
 spirits rise ?

The world's contracted sum. References to the theory that man was a "microcosm" are not unfrequent in Shakespeare : "Coriolanus, ii. 1, 55 ; "Lear," iii. 1, 10 ; "Richard II." v. 5, 9. Cf. Sir Thomas Browne, "Religio Medici," ii. 11 : "The world that I regard is myself ; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I rest mine eye on."

Are not brute beasts as strong, and birds as gay,—
Trees longer-lived, and creeping things as
wise ?

Only our souls were left an inward light,
To feel our weakness, and confess Thy might.

Thou then, our strength, Father of life and death,
To whom our thanks, our vows, ourselves we
owe,
From me, Thy tenant of this fading breath,
Accept those lines which from Thy goodness
flow,
And Thou, that wert Thy regal Prophet's muse,
Do not Thy praise in weaker strains refuse !

Let these poor notes ascend unto Thy throne,
Where majesty doth sit with mercy crowned,
Where my Redeemer lives, in whom alone
The errors of my wandering life are drowned :
Where all the choir of heaven resound the same,
That only Thine, Thine is the saving name !

Well then, my soul, joy in the midst of pain ;
Thy Christ, that conquered hell, shall from
above
With greater triumph yet return again,
And conquer His own justice with His love ;
Commanding earth and seas to render those
Unto His bliss, for whom He paid His woes.

Now have I done ; now are my thoughts at
peace ;
And now my joys are stronger than my grief :

I feel those comforts, that shall never cease,

Future in hope, but present in belief :

Thy words are true, Thy promises are just,

And Thou wilt find Thy dearly-bought in dust !

Sir Henry Wotton.

FOUR SONNETS

1

THOU hast made me, and shall Thy work
decay?

Repair me now, for now mine end doth
haste;

I run to Death, and Death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.

I dare not move my dim eyes any way,
Despair behind and Death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it towards Hell doth weigh.

Donne's memory is preserved to this generation more by Walton's *Life* than by his own writings, though these will never lack a few devoted admirers. Among the fragments preserved by Drummond of Ben Jonson's talk are one or two judgments about Donne which are worth quoting:—"He esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world in some things . . . that Donne for not keeping of accent deserved hanging . . . that Donne himself, for not being understood, would perish." There is a characteristic flavour about everything Donne wrote, but there are very few pieces on which one would care to stake his reputation; commonly either the thought bolts round the corner after some conceit, or the verse grows halting. Perhaps his most perfect religious piece is the "Hymn to God the Father" here quoted. The reader, however, who studies Donne attentively will not lose or regret his labour; the thought is worth digging for, and the expression, if recondite, often singularly telling and beautiful.

Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee
By Thy leave I can look, I rise again ;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain.

Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And Thou like adamant ¹ draw mine iron heart.

II

As due by many titles, I resign
Myself to Thee, O God ! First I was made
By Thee and for Thee ; and when I was
decay'd,
Thy blood bought that, the which before was
Thine.

I am Thy son, made with Thyself to shine ;
Thy servant, whose pains Thou hast still repaid ;
Thy sheep, Thine image ; and till I betray'd
Myself, a temple of Thy Spirit Divine.
Why doth the devil then usurp on me ?
Why doth he steal, nay, ravish that's Thy right ?
Except Thou rise and for Thine own work
fight,

Oh, I shall soon despair, when I shall see
That Thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not
choose me,
And Satan hates me yet is loth to lose me.

¹ Magnet.

III

At the round earth's imagin'd corners blow
Your trumpets, angels ; and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom th' flood did, and fire shall over-
throw ;
All whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain ; and you
whose eyes
Shall behold God and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a
space ;
For if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace
When we are there. Here on this holy ground
Teach me how to repent, for that's as good
As if Thou hadst sealed my pardon with Thy
blood.

IV

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called
thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so ;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost over-
throw
Die not, poor Death ! nor yet canst thou kill
me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must
flow ;
And soonest our best men with thee do go,

Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
 Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
 And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die!

LITANY

FATHER of heav'n, and Him by whom
 It, and us for it, and all else for us,
 Thou mad'st and govern'st ever; come,
 And re-create me, now grown ruinous;
 My heart is by dejection clay,
 And by self-murder red.
 From this red earth, O Father, purge away
 All vicious tinctures, that new-fashioned
 I may rise up from death before I'm dead.

O Son of God, who seeing two things,
 Sin and death, crept in which were never made;
 By bearing one, tri'dst with what stings
 The other could Thine heritage invade;

Line 5—A reference to the traditional explanation of the name Adam—"red earth"; the poet would say that the "Old Adam" still dwells in his heart.

O be Thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucified again.
Part not from it, though it from Thee would
part,
But let it be, by applying so Thy pain,
Drown'd in Thy blood, and in Thy passion slain.

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
Am, but of mud walls and condensed dust,
And being sacrilegiously
Half wasted with youth's fires of pride and lust,
Must with new storms be weather-beat;
Double in my heart Thy flame,
Which let devout sad tears intend, and let
(Though this glass-lanthorn flesh do suffer
maim)
Fire, sacrifice, priest, altar, be the same.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

WILT Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done
before?

I cannot convince myself that the fifth line of the last stanza does not contain a pun on his own name, which was pronounced like the participle "done." Walton tells us "that he caused it to be set to a most grave and solemn tune, and to be often sung to the organ by the choristers of St Paul's Church in his own hearing, especially at the evening service, and at his return from his customary devotions in that place did occasionally say to a friend, 'The words of

Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run
 And do run still, though still I do deplore ?
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done ;
 For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
 Others to sin, and made my sins their door ?
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
 A year or two, but wallow'd in a score ?
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done ;
 For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
 My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
 But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy
 Son
 Shall shine, as He shines now and heretofore ;
 And having done that, Thou hast done ;
 I fear no more.

HYMN TO GOD

IN MY SICKNESS

SINCE I am coming to that holy room,
 Where with the choir of saints for evermore
 I shall be made Thy music, as I come
 I tune the instrument here at the door,
 And what I must do then, think here before.

this hymn have restored to me the same thoughts of
 joy that possessed my soul in my sickness when I
 composed it."

The "Hymn to God" is a portion of the hymn
 composed on his deathbed.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one
place;
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me;
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So in His purple wrapp'd receive me, Lord,
By these His thorns give me His other crown;
And as to other souls I preach'd Thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own:
"Therefore, that He may raise, the Lord
throws down."

GOOD FRIDAY

RIDING WESTWARD

HENCE is't that I am carried towards the
west,
This day, when my soul's form bends to the east;
Yet dare I almost be glad I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die!
It made His own lieutenant, Nature, shrink;
It made His footstool crack, and the sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the poles
And tune all spheres at once, pierced with
those holes?

"Good Friday." By "my soul's form" Donne
means "the natural motion of the soul": this is
overruled by the business that takes him westward.

Could I behold that endless height, which is
Zenith to us and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood, which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of His,
Made dirt of dust? or that flesh, which was worn
By God for His apparel, ragg'd and torn?
Though these things as I ride be from mine eye,
They're present yet unto my memory;
For that looks toward them, and 'Thou look'st
towards me
O Saviour, as 'Thou hang'st upon the tree.
I turn my back to Thee but to receive
Corrections; till Thy mercies bid Thee leave.
O think me worth 'Thine anger, punish me,
Burn off my rust and my deformity;
Restore 'Thine image so much by Thy grace,
That 'Thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my
face.

EASTER DAY

SLEEP, sleep, old Sun! thou canst not
have repast
As yet the wound thou took'st on Friday last;
Sleep then and rest; the world may bear thy stay,
A better sun rose before thee to-day.

"Easter Day," line 13. This couplet means that Christ after His resurrection was enabled to make others what He is Himself by sending out His spirit upon them; just as the "tincture of gold"—that elixir of which alchemists dreamed—could transmute all other metals to itself. For another reference to the "tincture" see Herbert's poem, quoted on p. 97.

Who not content t' enlighten all that dwell
On the earth's face, as thou, enlighten'd hell ;
And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
As at thy presence here our fires grow pale.
Whose body, having walk'd on earth, and now
Hastening to heaven, would—that He might
allow

Himself unto all stations, and fill all—
For these three days become a mineral.
He was all gold when He lay down, but rose
All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of power to make ev'n sinful flesh like His.

THE CROSS

SINCE Christ embraced the Cross itself,
dare I,
His image, th' image of His Cross deny ?
Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
And dare the chosen altar to despise ?
It bore all other sins, but is it fit
That it should bear the sin of scorning it ?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he fly His pains who there did die ?
From me no pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
Nor scandal taken, shall this cross withdraw.

CHRIST THE JUDGE

WHAT if this present were the world's
last night?

Mark in my heart, O Soul, where thou dost
dwell,

The picture of Christ crucified, and tell

Whether His countenance can thee affright?

Tears in His eyes quench the amazing light;

Blood fills His frowns which from His pierced
head fell.

And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell

Which prayed forgiveness for His foes' fierce
spite?

CROSSES

AS perchance carvers do not faces make,
But that away which hid them there do
take;

Let crosses so take what hid Christ in thee,

And be His image, or not His, but He.

John Donne.

AN HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

HEAR me, O God !
A broken heart
Is my best part :
Use still Thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein Thy love.

If Thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and Thee.

For sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than Thou hast done ?
Thou gav'st a Son
To free a slave :
First made of nought,
Withal since bought.

Ben Jonson wrote very few religious poems, but these are the product of genuine feeling, if but little originality.

Sin, death, and hell
 His glorious name
 Quite overcame ;
 Yet I rebel,
 And slight the same.

But I'll come in
 Before my loss
 Me farther toss,
 As sure to win
 Under His cross.

TO HEAVEN

GOOD and Great God ! can I not think of
 Thee

But it must straight my melancholy be ?
 Is it interpreted in me disease,
 That laden with my sins I seek for ease ?
 O, be Thou witness, that the reins dost know
 And hearts of all, if I be sad for show ;

"To Heaven." The second line is explained by the third. "Melancholy" was in Jonson's day the name of a disease that was prescribed for. We might paraphrase by saying, Must I, because I am grieved for sin, be told my liver is out of order ? In the next couplet he refers to the fashion of affecting melancholy. Cf. Shakespeare's "King John," iv. 1, 13—

"I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness";

and the speeches of the "melancholy Jacques" in
 "As You Like it."

And judge me after if I dare pretend
To aught but grace, or aim at other end.
As Thou art all, so be Thou all to me,
First, midst, and last, converted one and three,
My faith, my hope, my love ; and in this state
My judge, my witness, and my advocate.
Where have I been this while exiled from Thee ?
And whither rapt, now Thou but stoop'st to me ?
Dwell, dwell here still ; O, being everywhere
How can I doubt to find Thee ever here ?
I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,
Conceived in sin, and unto labour born ;
Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,
And destined unto judgment after all.
I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground
Upon my flesh to inflict another wound.
Yet dare I not complain or wish for death
With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath
Of discontent : or that these prayers be
For weariness of life, not love of Thee.

THE FORTRESS OF MANSOUL

NOT to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue and not fate :
Next to that virtue is to know vice well,
And her black spite repel.
Which to effect (since no breast is so sure,
Or safe, but she'll procure
Some way of entrance), we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch and ward

At th' eye and ear, the ports unto the mind,
That no strange or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart, our spy,
Give knowledge instantly
To wakeful reason, our affections' king :
Who in th' examining
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close the true cause of it.
'Tis the securest policy we have
To make our sense our slave.
But this true course is not embraced by many ;
By many ? scarce by any.
For either our affections do rebel,
Or else the sentinel,
That should ring 'larum to the heart, doth sleep,
Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
They're base and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
Thus by these subtle trains
Do several passions invade the mind
And strike our reason blind.

Ben Jonson.

A HYMN
OF THE RESURRECTION

LIFE out of death, light out of darkness
springs,
From a base jail forth comes the King of kings.
What late was mortal, thrall'd to every woe
That lackeys life, or upon sense doth grow,
Immortal is of an eternal stamp,
Far brighter beaming than the morning lamp :
So from a black eclipse outpeers the sun :
Such (when her course of days have on her run
In a far forest in the pearly east,
And she herself hath burnt her spicy nest)
The lonely bird with youthful pens and comb,
Doth soar from out her cradle and her tomb :
So a small seed that in the earth lies hid
And dies, reviving bursts her cloddy side,
Adorn'd with yellow locks of new is born,
And doth become a mother great with corn,
Of grains brings hundreds with it, which when
old
Enrich the furrows with a sea of gold.

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS

AS body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees decayed and dead,

Drummond's religious poetry is, for the most part,
picturesque rather than devotional; but the lines
here printed have a true ring about them.

Is faith, a hopeless lifeless thing,
 If not of righteous deeds the spring.
 One cup of healing oil and wine,
 One tear-drop shed on Mercy's shrine,
 Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to Thee,
 Than lifted eye or bended knee.

CHANGE SHOULD BREED CHANGE

NEW doth the sun appear ;
 The mountains' snows decay ;
 Crowned with frail flowers comes forth the baby
 year.
 My soul, time posts away ;
 And thou yet in that frost,
 Which flower and fruit hath lost,
 As if all here immortal were, doth stay !

NO TRUST IN TIME

LOOK how the flower, which ling'ringly
 doth fade,
 The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
 Spoil'd of that juice, which kept it fresh and
 green,
 As high as it did raise, bows low the head.
 Right so my life, contentment being dead,
 Or in their contraries but only seen,

With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath
been.

As doth the pilgrim therefore, whom the night
By darkness would imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day :

Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy
morn,

And twice it is not given thee to be born.

William Drummond.

LITANY

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

The Rev. Robert Herrick was vicar of Dean Prior, near Totnes, in Devonshire, from 1629 to 1647, when he was ejected by the Puritans, and became Robert Herrick, Esq. (under which title he published his "Hesperides" in 1648), till the Restoration, after which he returned to his living, holding it till his death, twelve years later.

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about,
Either with despair or doubt ;
Yet, before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

ETERNITY

O YEARS! and age! farewell :
Behold, I go
Where I do know
Infinity to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost i' th' sea
Of vast eternity.

Where never moon shall sway
The stars ; but she
And night shall be
Drown'd in one endless day.

TO HIS CONSCIENCE

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be
My private protonotary ? ¹
Can I not woo thee to pass by
A short and sweet iniquity ?
I'll cast a mist and cloud upon
My delicate transgression,
So utter dark as that no eye
Shall see the hugg'd impiety ;
Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please
And wind all other witnesses ;

¹ Chief Clerk of the High Court.

HERRICK

71

And wilt not thou with gold be ti'd
To lay thy pen and ink aside?
It will not be. And, therefore, now,
For times to come I'll make this vow,
From aberrations to live free;
So I'll not fear the Judge or thee.

LENT

IS this a fast, to keep
The larder lean?
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go?
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No; 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

LYRA SACRA

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate ;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent ;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin ;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

TO DEATH

THOU bid'st me come away,
And I'll no longer stay
Than for to shed some tears
For faults of former years,
And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times :
And next, to take a bit
Of bread, and wine with it :
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above ;
To gird my loins about
With charity throughout ;
And so to travel hence
With feet of innocence :
These done, I'll only cry
God mercy, and so die.

TO FIND GOD

WEIGH me the fire ; or can'st thou find
A way to measure out the wind ;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mix'd in that watery theatre ;
And taste thou them as saltless there
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep ;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshiver'd into seeds of rain ;
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears ;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence :
This if thou can'st, then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

UPON GOD

GOD, when He takes my goods and chattels
hence,
Gives me a portion, giving patience :
What is in God is God ; if so it be
He patience gives, He gives Himself to me.

HUMILITY

HUMBLE we must be, if to heaven we go :
High is the roof there ; but the gate is
low.

Robert Herrick.

THE INCARNATION

WHAT hath man done, that man shall not
 undo,
 Since God to him is grown so near akin !
 Did his foe slay him ? he shall slay his foe :
 Hath he lost all ? he all again shall win :
 Is sin his master ? he shall master sin :
 Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try :
 The only way to conquer, was to fly ;
 But thus long death hath lived, and now death's
 self shall die.

He is a path, if any be misled ;
 He is a robe, if any naked be ;
 If any chance to hunger, He is bread ;
 If any be a bondman, He is free ;
 If any be but weak, how strong is He ?
 To dead men life He is, to sick men
 health :
 To blind men sight, and to the needy
 wealth ;
 A pleasure without loss, a treasure without
 stealth.

The Rev. Giles Fletcher was vicar of Alderton in
 Suffolk, where, according to Fuller, he was not
 valued according to his worth by his "clownish,
 low-parted parishioners." He and his brother
 Phineas were devoted admirers and imitators of
 Spenser.

Who can forget, never to be forgot,
The time that all the world in slumber lies :
When, like the stars, the singing angels shot
To earth, and heav'n awakèd all his eyes,
To see another sun at midnight rise
 On earth ? was never sight of pareil fame :
 For God before man like Himself did
 frame,
But God Himself now like a mortal man became.

A child He was, and had not learned to speak,
That with His word the world before did make :
His mother's arms Him bore, He was so weak,
That with one hand the vaults of heav'n could
shake.

See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold.
Who of His years, or of His age hath told ?
Never such age so young, never a child so old.

And yet but newly He was infanted,
And yet already He was sought to die ;
Yet scarcely born, already banished ;
Not able yet to go, and forced to fly :
But scarcely fled away, when by and by,
 The tyrant's sword with blood is all defil'd,
 And Rachel for her sons, with fury wild,
Cries, O thou cruel king, and O my sweetest
child !

Egypt His nurse became, where Nilus springs,
Who straight, to entertain the rising sun,
The hasty harvest in his bosom brings ;

But now for drought the fields were all undone,
And now with waters all is overrun :

So fast the Cynthian mountains pour'd
their snow,

When once they felt the sun so near them
glow,

That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.

The angels caroll'd loud their song of peace,

The cursèd oracles were stricken dumb ;

To see their Shepherd the poor shepherds press,

To see their king the kingly sophies come ;

And them to guide unto his Master's home,

A star comes dancing up the orient,

That springs for joy over the strawy tent,

Where gold, to make their prince a crown, they
all present.

THE PASSION

FRAIL multitude ! whose giddy law is list,¹

And best applause is windy flattering,

Most like the breath of which it doth consist,

No sooner blown but as soon vanishing,

As much desired, as little profiting,

That makes the men that have it oft as light

As those that give it, which the proud
invite,

And fear ; the bad man's friend, the good man's
hypocrite.

¹ Lust, desire.

It was but now their sounding clamours sung,
"Blessed is He that comes from the Most
High!"

And all the mountains with hosannah rung;
And now, "Away with Him, away!" they
cry,

And nothing can be heard but "Crucify":
It was but now the crown itself they save,
And golden name of King unto Him gave;
And now no king but only Cæsar they will
have.

It was but now they gathered blooming May,
And of his arms disrobed the branching tree,
To strow with boughs and blossoms all Thy
way;

And now the branchless trunk a cross for Thee,
And May dismay'd thy coronet must be:

It was but now they were so kind to throw
Their own best garments, where Thy feet
should go;

And now Thyself they strip, and bleeding
wounds they show.

See where the Author of all life is dying:
O fearful day! He dead, what hope of living?
See where the hopes of all our lives are buying;
O cheerful day! they bought, what fear of
grieving?

Love love for hate and life for death is giving:

Lo, how His arms are stretch'd abroad to
grace thee,

And, as they open stand, call to embrace
thee :

Why stay'st thou then, my soul? O fly, fly,
thither haste thee !

What better friendship than to cover shame?

What greater love than for a friend to die?

Yet this is better to asself¹ the blame,

And this is greater, for an enemy :

But more than this, to die, not suddenly,

Not with some common death or easy pain,

But slowly, and with torments to be slain :

O depth without a depth, far better seen than say'n!

And yet the Son is humbled for the slave,

And yet the slave is proud before the Son :

Yet the Creator for His creature gave

Himself, and yet the creature hastes to run

From his Creator, and self-good doth shun :

And yet the Prince, and God Himself,
doth cry

To man, his traitor, pardon not to fly :

Yet man his God, and traitor doth his Prince
defy.

THE RESURRECTION

BUT now the second morning from her bow'r

Began to glister in her beams, and now

The roses of the day began to flow'r

In th' eastern garden ; for heav'n's smiling brow

¹ Take on oneself.

Half insolent for joy, began to show ;
The early sun came lively dancing out,
And the brag lambs ran wantoning about,
That heav'n and earth might seem in triumph
both to shout.

Say, earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
And stick'st thy habit full of daisies red !
Seems that thou dost to some high thought
aspire,

And some new-found-out bridegroom mean'st
to wed :

Tell me, ye trees, so fresh apparelled,—
So never let the spiteful canker waste you,
So never let the heav'ns with lightning
blast you,—

Why go you now so trimly drest, or whither
haste you ?

Answer me, Jordan, why thy crooked tide
So often wanders from his nearest way,
As though some other way thy stream would
slide,

And fain salute the place where something lay.
And you, sweet birds, that shaded from the ray
Sit carolling and piping grief away,
The while the lambs to hear you dance
and play,

Tell me, sweet birds, what is it you so fain
would say ?

Ye primroses and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leavy beds,

And woo men's hands to rend you from your
 sets,
 As though you would somewhere be carried,
 With fresh perfumes, and velvets garnished?
 But ah! I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
 You all would to your Saviour's triumph go,
 There would ye all await, and humble homage do.

EARTH AND HEAVEN

GAZE but upon the house where man
 embow'rs:
 With flow'rs and rushes paved is his way,
 Where all the creatures are his servitors,
 The winds do sweep his chambers every day,
 And clouds do wash his rooms, the ceiling gay
 Starred aloft the gilded knobs embrace:
 If such a house God to another gave,
 How shine those glittering courts He for Him-
 self will have!

And if a sullen cloud, as sad as night,
 In which the sun may be embodied,
 Depur'd of all his dross we see so white,
 Burning in melted gold his watery head,
 Or round with ivory edges silvered:
 What lustre super-excellent will HE
 Lighten on those that shall His sunshine
 see,
 In that all-glorious court in which all glories be?
Giles Fletcher.

FROM "THE CHURCH PORCH"

EDUCATION

O ENGLAND! full of sin, but most of
sloth;
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with
glory;
Thy gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishness into thy story.
Not that they all are so; but that the most
Are gone to grass, and in the pasture lost.

This loss springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke
their son:

George Herbert, who was younger brother to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, took a brilliant degree at Cambridge and became Public Orator. For some time he expected court preferment, but his patrons died, and he eventually took orders. His short life at Bemerton is described by Walton as that of a saint. His "Temple" was posthumously printed (1632).

Herbert's poems are, if not the high-water mark of English devotional verse, yet its most characteristic expression, being the work of a scholar and a gentleman as well as a divine. His sense of rhythm was faultless, and his style exquisite. Observe on the one hand the skill with which he develops such an elaborate ode as "The Collar," and on the other his fine use of the regular metres. His fault was a too

Some mark a partridge, never their child's
fashion ;

Some ship them over, and the thing is done.

Study this art, and make it thy great design ;

And if God's image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed

A mast'ring mind ; so both are lost thereby :

Or else they breed them tender, make them
need

All that they leave : this is flat poverty,

For he that needs five thousand pound to live

Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

WEALTH

Be thrifty, but not covetous : therefore give

Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.

Never was scraper brave man. Get to live ;

Then live and use it : else it is not true

That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone

Makes money not a contemptible stone.

great fondness for conceits, by which some of his best poems are marred. A few passages are introduced at the close of the selection from poems which for this or other reasons could not be printed entire.

No poet is in such need of a commentator. Edition follows upon edition, but with no effort to clear up for the general reader Herbert's obscurities.

The "Church Porch" is so called as containing rules of common morality and good breeding.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head.
Take stars for money : stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.

None is so wasteful as the scraping dame.
She loseth three for one ; her soul, rest, fame.

FRIENDSHIP

Thy friend put in thy bosom : wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice ;
Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear ;
But love is lost ; the way of friendship's gone,
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ His
John.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
My children's right, nor ought he take it : rather
Both friends should die, than hinder them to live :
Fathers first enter bonds to nature's ends ;
And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's.

CONDUCT

When thou dost purpose aught, within thy power,
Be sure to do it, though it be but small :
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stour ¹
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

¹ Sturdy.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high ;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be :
Sink not in spirit : who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixed with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargickness.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself : see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his
mind.

HEALTH

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so but
man ?

Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths.
Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,
From his ecliptic line ; beckon the sky.
Who lives by rule then keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,
Whose every parcel under-writes a law.
Lose not thyself, nor give thy humours way ;
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

PRAISE

KING of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love Thee :
And that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me :
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me ;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Sev'n whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee.
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.

Line 4 —“ I will pray to Thee to prevent my love ceasing.”

Line 25. —“ After all this talk of praise, my praise is a poor thing: if continued for ever, it would fall short of expressing Thy mercy.”

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentedst :
And when Justice call'd for fears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol Thee,
Ev'n eternity is too short
To extol Thee.

SIN

LORD with what care hast Thou begirt us
round !

Parents first season us : then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears ;
Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can :
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour,
pleasure :
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all His treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature.
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness :
Let him be rich and weary, that at least
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss Him to My breast.

MAN'S MEDLEY

HARK, how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy : and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, than in present, is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence ;
In th' other angels have a right by birth :
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th'
other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies,
He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and
round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place,
After the trimming not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer,

The thought in this poem is clearer than the expression. Man has double joys and sorrows answering to his double nature, but the soul's joys are to be preferred as lasting into the world beyond.

But as birds drink, and straight lift up their
head,
 So must he sip and think
 Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
 So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one ;
 Both frosts and thoughts do nip,
 And bite his lip ;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
 Happy is he, whose heart
 Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

THE QUIP

THE merry world did on a day
 With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose,
Which, when I pluck'd not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those ?
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
 What tune is this, poor man? said he :
 I heard in Music you had skill.
 But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave¹ Glory puffing by
 In silks that whistled, who but he?
 He scarce allow'd me half an eye.
 But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
 And he would needs a comfort be,
 And, to be short, make an oration.
 But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of Thy design
 To answer these fine things shall come ;
 Speak not at large, say, I am Thine :
 And then they have their answer home.

THE COLLAR

I STRUCK the board, and cry'd, No more.
 I will abroad.
 What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
 My lines and life are free; free as the road,
 ¹ Finely drest.

"The Collar" is, of course, conscience, the sense of duty, which in certain moods seems to be only an irritating restraint, self-imposed for no sufficient reason.

Loose as the wind, as large as store.
 Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
 Sure there was wine
 Before my sighs did dry it : there was
 corn
 Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
 Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
 All wasted?
Not so, my heart : but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures : leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not : forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made
 to thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wink¹ and wouldst not
 see.
 Away ; take heed :
 I will abroad.
Call in thy death's head there : tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears,
To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load.

¹ Shut eyes.

But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, *Child* :
 And I replied, *My Lord*.

THE PILGRIMAGE

I TRAVELL'D on, seeing the hill, where lay
 My expectation.
 A long it was and weary way.
 The gloomy cave of Desperation
 I left on th' one, and on the other side
 The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadow strow'd
 With many a flower ;
 Fain would I here have made abode,
 But I was quicken'd by my hour.
 So to Care's copse I came, and there got through
 With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
 Some call the wold ;
 A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
 Here I was robb'd of all my gold,

Line 14.—*Which some call the wold.* Why Herbert adds this is not clear: it can hardly be only for rhyme's sake. A friend suggests that there is a pun on "would." He probably had in his mind Salisbury Plain, which in some parts of England, such as Lincolnshire, would no doubt have been called a

Save one good Angel, which a friend had tied
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart ; and climbing still,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cried, Alas, my King ;
Can both the way and end be tears ?
Yet taking heart I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived :

My hill was further ; so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went, *None goes that way
And lives.* If that be all, said I,
After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

DISCIPLINE

THROW away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath :
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

“wold.” The play on angel, and the coin so called,
is perhaps obvious.

Line 36.—*A chair* ; our more luxurious generation
might say, *a couch*.

LYRA SACRA

For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent :

I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And Thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep :
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove ;
Love will do the deed :
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot ;
Love's a man of war
And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow ?
That which wrought on Thee,
Brought Thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod ;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God :
Throw away Thy wrath.

THE FLOWER

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are Thy returns ! ev'n as the flowers in
 spring ;

To which besides their own demean,
 The late-pass'd frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
 Grief melts away
 Like snow in May,
 As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
 Could have recover'd greenness ? It was gone
 Quite underground ; as flowers depart
 To see their mother-root, when they have blown ;
 Where they together
 All the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
 Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell
 And up to heaven in an hour ;
 Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amiss,
 This or that is :
 Thy word is all, if we could spell.

Line 3.—*Demean*, for demeanour, or more probably for *demesne*, an estate. The flowers not only have their property of sweetness, but the passing of winter makes them still more pleasant

Line 20.—*Is*, *i.e.* is in itself, or unchangeably ; it is what it is by God's immediate ordinance.

O that I once pass'd changing were,
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can
wither !

Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at heaven, growing and groaning thither :
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together :

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline :
What frost to that ? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown ?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write ;
I once more smell the dew and rain
And relish versing : O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide :
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee :

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action ;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his¹ perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of Thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his¹ tincture, *for Thy sake*,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold ;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

¹ Its.

Line 15.—*For Thy sake* is the "tincture" which makes every action bright, the "clause" that makes drudgery divine.

EMPLOYMENT

HE that is weary, let him sit.
My soul would stir
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire :
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

Life is a business, not good-cheer ;
Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there or here,
Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

Oh that I were an orange-tree,
That busy plant !
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dressed me.

But we are still too young or old ;
The man is gone
Before we do our wares unfold :
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold.

LOVE

LOVE bade me welcome : yet my soul drew
back,

Guilty of dust and sin.

But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd anything.

"A guest," I answer'd, "worthy to be here."

Love said, "You shall be he."

"I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,

I cannot look on Thee."

Love took my hand and, smiling, did reply,

"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord; but I have marr'd them : let
my shame

Go where it doth deserve."

"And know you not," says Love, "who bore
the blame?"

"My dear, then I will serve."

"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste
my meat" :

So I did sit and eat.

A WREATH

A WREATHED garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved, unto Thee I give,
I give to Thee who knowest all my ways,
My crooked winding ways wherein I live,
Wherein I die ; not live ; for life is straight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee,
To Thee, who art more far above deceit
Than deceit seems above simplicity.
Give me simplicity that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know Thy ways,
Know them and practise them : then shall I give.
For this poor wreath give Thee, a crown of
praise.

BITTER-SWEET

AH, my dear angry Lord,
Since Thou dost love, yet strike ;
Cast down, yet help afford ;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise ;
I will bewail, approve :
And all my sour-sweet days
I will lament, and love.

EASTER

AWAKE, sad heart, whom sorrow ever
drowns ;

Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth ;
Unfold thy forehead gathered into frowns :

Thy Saviour comes, and with Him mirth :
Awake, awake ;

And with a thankful heart his comforts take !

I got me flowers to straw Thy way ;

I got me boughs off many a tree :

But Thou wast up by break of day,

And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

Of these two verses, the first is taken from "The Dawning," the latter from "Easter."

DIALOGUE

SWEETEST Saviour, if my soul

Were but worth the having,

Quickly should I then control

Any thought of waving.

But when all my care and pains

Cannot give the name of gains

To Thy wretch so full of stains,

What delight or hope remains ?

What, child, is the balance thine,

Thine the poise and measure ?

If I say, Thou shalt be Mine,

Finger not My treasure.

What the gains in having thee
 Do amount to, only He,
 Who for man was sold, can see ;
 That transferr'd th' accounts to Me.

CHURCH MUSIC

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you : when
 displeasure
 Did through my body wound my mind,
 You took me thence, and in your house of
 pleasure
 A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
 Rising and falling with your wings :
 We both together sweetly live and love,
 Yet say sometimes, *God help poor Kings.*

Comfort, I'll die ; for if you post from me,
 Sure I shall do so, and much more :
 But if I travel in your company,
 You know the way to heaven's door.

The date of Herbert's residence at Bemerton was 1630-33, so that the reference in line 8 is probably to the growing discontent of the Puritan party. The last stanza means, It consoles me to know I shall die before the worst of the troubles ; for as it is I shall be comforted with church music on my dying bed ; if it were forbidden, my loss would be great, for it is the usher to the door of heaven.

PRAISE

O SACRED Providence, who from end to
end

Strongly and sweetly movest ! shall I write
And not of Thee, through whom my fingers
bend

To hold my quill ? shall they not do Thee
right ?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land
Only to man Thou hast made known Thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of Thy praise.

Man is the world's high priest : he doth present
The sacrifice for all ; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that
blow.

He that to praise and laud Thee doth refrain
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise Thee
fain,
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to Thee :
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

Line 4.—“To do a person right” was a courteous
phrase for praising ; the idea being that whatever
praise was given was no more than desert.

Thou art in small things great, nor small in any,
 Thy even praise can neither rise, nor fall.
 Thou art in all things one, in each thing many :
 For thou art infinite in one and all.

THE BIRD

THE bird that sees a dainty bower
 Made in the tree, where she was wont to
 sit,
 Wonders and sings, but not His power
 Who made the arbour ; this exceeds her wit
 But man doth know
 The spring, whence all things flow.

And yet, as though he knew it not,
 His knowledge winks, and lets his humours
 reign ;
 They make his life a constant blot,
 And all the blood of God to run in vain.
 Ah, wretch ! what verse
 Can thy strange ways rehearse ?

THE TEMPER

HOW should I praise Thee, Lord ! how
 should my rhymes
 Gladly engrave thy love in steel,
 If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
 My soul might ever feel !

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there :
Thy power and love, my love and trust
Make one place everywhere.

REGENERATION

SURELY if each one saw another's heart,
There would be no commerce,
No sale or bargain pass : all would disperse
And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us : one creation
Will not suffice our turn :
Except Thou make us daily, we shall spurn
Our own salvation.

DIVINITY

LOVE God, and love your neighbour. Watch
and pray.

Do as you would be done unto.
O dark instructions ; ev'n as dark as day !
Who can these Gordian knots undo ?

George Herbert.

FALSE WORLD

FALSE world, thou liest : thou canst
not lend

The least delight :

Thy favours cannot gain a friend,

They are so slight :

Thy morning pleasures make an end

To please at night :

Poor are the wants that thou supply'st ;

And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st

With heaven ; fond earth, thou boast'st ; false
world, thou liest.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales

Of endless treasure :

Thy bounty offers easy sales

Of lasting pleasure ;

Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,

And swear'st to ease her :

There's none can want where thou supply'st,

There's none can give where thou deny'st,

Alas ! fond world, thou boast'st ; false world,
thou liest.

Quarles was a Royalist and Churchman, cup-bearer to the Princess Elizabeth, and secretary to Archbishop Ussher. His verse was immensely popular in his day, but has since fallen into oblivion, from which very little of it is likely to recover. The poems here printed from the "Divine Emblems" are the best of that collection.

What well advisèd ear regards
 What earth can say?
 Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
 Are painted clay:
 Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
 Thou canst not play:
 Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;
 If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st;
 Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world,
 thou liest.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
 Of new-coin'd treasure;
 A Paradise, that has no stint,
 No change, no measure;
 A painted cask, but nothing in't,
 Nor wealth, nor pleasure;
 Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
 With man; vain man, that thou rely'st
 On earth; vain man, thou doat'st; vain earth,
 thou liest.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure
 To haberdash
 In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
 Is dross and trash;

Line 8.—“To *vie* was to hazard, to put down a certain sum upon a hand of cards; to *revie* was to cover it with a larger sum, by which the challenged became the challenger, and was to be *revied* in his turn with a proportionate increase of stake. This continued till one of the party lost courage and gave up the whole; or obtained for a stipulated sum a discovery of his adversary's cards; when the best hand swept the table.”—*Gifford*.

The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash ?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with ? are these the high'st ?
Can these bring cordial peace ? False world,
thou liest.

THE THRESHING FLOOR

THE world's a floor, whose swelling
heaps retain
The mingled wages of the ploughman's toil ;
The world's a heap, whose yet unwinnow'd
grain
Is lodged with chaff and buried in her soil ;
All things are mix'd, the useful with the vain ;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile ;
The world's an ark, wherein things pure
and gross
Present their lossful gain, and gainful loss,
Where ev'ry pound of gold contains a pound
of dross.

This furnish'd ark presents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or heav'n
can add ;
Here lasting joys, here pleasures hourly new,
And hourly fading, may be wish'd and had :
All points of honour, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy soul, and wealth both good
and bad :

Here may'st thou open wide the two-
leaved door
Of all thy wishes, to receive that store,
Which being empty most, does overflow the
more.

Come then, my soul, approach this royal burse,
And see what wares our great exchange
retains ;

Come, come ; here's that shall make a firm
divorce

Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want com-
plains ;

No need to sit in council with thy purse,
Here's nothing good shall cost more price
than pains :

But, O my soul, take heed, if thou rely
Upon thy faithless optics, thou wilt buy
Too blind a bargain : know, fools only trade
by th' eye.

The worldly wisdom of the foolish man
Is like a sieve, that does alone retain

The grosser substance of the worthless bran :

But thou, my soul, let thy brave thoughts
disdain

So coarse a purchase : O be thou a fan

To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd
grain ;

Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy
mix'd desires :

Thou art heav'n's tasker¹ ; and thy God
requires

¹ A *tasker* is a thresher.

The purest of thy flour, as well as of thy fires.
Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wisdom bless the soul's unblemish'd ways;
No matter, then, how short or long's the lease,
Whose date determines thy self-number'd
days:

No need to care for wealth's or fame's increase,
Nor Mars his palm, nor high Apollo's bays.
Lord, if thy gracious bounty please to fill
The floor of my desires, and teach me skill
To dress and choose the corn, take those the
chaff that will.

THE FOIL

'TIS but a foil at best, and that's the most
Your skill can boast:
My slipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript,
Just as I slipt:
My wanton weakness did herself betray
With too much play:
I was too bold: he never yet stood sure,
That stands secure:
Who ever trusted to his native strength,
But fell at length?
The title's craz'd, the tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of flesh and blood.
Boast not thy skill; the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but soft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones
To crush his bones:

QUARLES

III

What if he staggers? Nay, put case he be
Foil'd on his knee?
That very knee will bend to heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred gamester ups afresh, and then
Falls to't again;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquered life, or craven'd dies.

THE LOADSTONE

LIKE to the arctic needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring shade by his magnetic
pow'r,
And leaves his silken gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First frantics up and down from side to side,
And restless beats his crystal'd iv'ry case,
With vain impatience jets from place to
place,
And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride;
At length he slacks his motion, and doth
rest
His trembling point at his bright pole's beloved
breast:
E'en so my soul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not
where;

The dial here described is plainly a pocket instrument, furnished with a compass by which to set the gnomon.

She likes at morning what she loathes at
night :
She bows to honour ; then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying
pleasure ;
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of
treasure ;
Now flatter'd with false hope ; now foil'd with
fear ;
Thus finding all the world's delight to be
But empty toys, good God, she points alone
to Thee.

But hath the virtued steel a power to move ?
Or can the untouched needle point aright ?
Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,
Unguided by the virtue of Thy Sp'rit ?
O hath my leaden soul the art t' improve
Her wasted talent, and unrais'd, aspire
In this sad moulting time of her desire ?
Not first belov'd, have I the power to love ?
I cannot stir, but as Thou please to
move me,
Nor can my heart return Thee love, until Thou
love me.

The still commandress of the silent night
Borrows her beams from her bright brother's
eye ;
His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light ;
If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd
and die :

E'en so the beams of Thy enlight'ning Sp'rit,
 Infus'd and shot into my dark desire,
 Inflamm my thoughts, and fill my soul
 with fire,
 That I am ravish'd with a new delight ;
 But if Thou shroud Thy face, my glory
 fades,
 And I remain a nothing, all composed of shades.

Eternal God ! O Thou that only art
 The sacred fountain of eternal light,
 And blessed loadstone of my better part,
 O Thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight !
 Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,
 And then my heart shall prize no good
 above Thee
 And then my soul shall know Thee ;
 knowing, love Thee ;
 And then my trembling thoughts shall never
 start
 From Thy commands, or swerve the least
 degree,
 Or once presume to move, but as they move
 in Thee.

Francis Quarles.

A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY

Sung by the Shepherds

Chorus—**C**OME we shepherds whose blest
 sight
 Hath met love's noon in nature's night,
 Come lift we up our loftier song,
 And wake the sun that lies too long.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest
 Bright dawn of our eternal day !
 We saw Thine eyes break from their east
 And chase the trembling shades away ;
 We saw Thee, and we bless the sight,
 We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light !

Crashaw was ejected from his fellowship at Peterhouse by the Parliament in 1644, and retired to Paris, where he joined the Roman Church. For several years he was in distress, till by Cowley's introduction to Queen Henrietta Maria he obtained a post in the household of Cardinal Palotta, and afterwards was made sub-canon of Loretto. His English poems were printed in 1646 under the title of "Steps to the Temple: Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the Muses." Crashaw is so fine a poet that it is a pity he took so sentimental a view of religion. The passages here chosen, while they exhibit his genius, are as free as possible from the worst defects of his manner.

"A Hymn of the Nativity." Nine stanzas are here given out of eighteen.

Tityrus. Poor world, said I, what wilt Thou do
To entertain this starry stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow,
A cold and not too cleanly manger?
Contend ye powers of heaven and earth
To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Thyrsis. Proud world, said I, cease your contest,
And let the mighty babe alone,
The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest,
Love's architecture is His own.
The Babe, whose birth embraves this
morn,
Made His own bed ere He was born.

Tityrus. I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Offering their whitest sheets of snow,
To furnish the fair Infant's bed;
Forbear, said I, be not too bold;
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

Thyrsis. I saw the obsequious seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow;
For well they now can spare their
wings
Since Heaven itself lies here below.
Well done, said I, but are you sure
Your down, so warm, will pass for
pure?

Tityrus. No, no, your King's not yet to seek
 Where to repose his royal head ;
 See, see how soon his new-bloom'd
 cheek
 'Twixt mother's breasts is gone to
 bed !
 Sweet choice, said I, no way but so,
 Not to lie cold yet sleep in snow.

Chorus—Welcome all wonders in one sight,
 Eternity shut in a span,
 Summer in winter, day in night,
 Heaven in earth, and God in man,
 Great little one, whose all-embracing
 birth
 Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven
 to earth.

To Thee, meek Majesty ! soft King
 Of simple graces and sweet loves,
 Each of us his lamb will bring,
 Each his pair of silver doves,
 Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes
 Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

CHRIST when He died
 Deceived the cross,
 And on Death's side
 Threw all the loss.
 The captive world awaked and found
 The prisoners loose, the jailer bound.

O dear and sweet dispute
'Twixt Death's and Love's far different fruit,
Different as far
As antidotes and poisons are :

By the first fatal tree
Both Life and Liberty
Were sold and slain ;
By this they both look up and live again.

O strange mysterious strife
Of open death and hidden life !
When on the cross my King did bleed,
Life seem'd to die, Death died indeed.

GOD'S LOVE AND MAN'S

ALL things swear friends to Fair and Good,
Yea, suitors ; man alone is woo'd,
Tediously woo'd, and hardly won ;
Only not slow to be undone.
As if the bargain had been driven
So hardly betwixt Earth and Heaven.
Our God would thrive too fast, and be
Too much a gainer by't, should we
Our purchas'd selves too soon bestow
On Him, who has not lov'd us so.

This is a passage from a corrected and much improved version of the lines "To the Countess of Denbigh." It is known to exist only in one pamphlet, in the British Museum.

When love of us call'd Him to see
 If we'd vouchsafe His company,
 He left His Father's court and came
 Lightly as a lambent flame,
 Leaping upon the hills to be
 The humble King of you and me.
 Nor can the cares of His whole crown,
 When one poor sigh sends for Him down,
 Detain Him, but He leaves behind
 The late wings of the lazy wind,
 Spurns the tame laws of Time and Place
 And breaks through all the heavens to our
 embrace.

A DESCANT
 ON THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

HAPPY me, O happy sheep !
 Whom my God vouchsafes to keep,
 Ev'n my God, ev'n He it is
 That points me to these paths of bliss ;
 On Whose pastures cheerful Spring
 All the year doth sit and sing,
 And rejoicing, smiles to see
 Their green backs wear His livery :
 Pleasure sings my soul to rest,
 Plenty wears me at her breast,
 Whose sweet temper teaches me
 Not wanton, nor in want to be.
 At my feet the blubbering mountain
 Weeping melts into a fountain,

Whose soft silver-sweating streams
Make high-noon forget his beams :
When my wayward breath is flying,
He calls home my soul from dying,
Strokes and tames my rabid grief,
And does woo me into life :
When my simple weakness strays
(Tangled in forbidden ways)
He, my Shepherd, is my Guide ;
He's before me, on my side,
And behind me ; He beguiles
Craft in all her knotty wiles :
He expounds the weary wonder
Of my giddy steps, and under
Spreads a path clear as the day
Where no churlish rub says nay
To my joy-conducted feet,
Whilst they gladly go to meet
Grace and Peace, to learn new lays
Tuned to my great Shepherd's praise.

Come now, all ye terrors, sally,
Muster forth into the valley,
Where triumphant darkness hovers
With a sable wing, that covers
Brooding horror. Come, thou Death,
Let the damps of thy dull breath
Overshadow e'en that shade,
And make Darkness 'self afraid ;
There my feet, e'en there, shall find
Way for a resolvèd mind.
Still my Shepherd, still my God
Thou art with me ; still Thy rod

And Thy staff, whose influence
Gives direction, gives defence.
At the whisper of Thy word
Crown'd abundance spreads my board ;
While I feast, my foes do feed
Their rank malice, not their need,
So that with the self-same bread
They are starved and I am fed.
How my head in ointment swims !
How my cup o'erlooks her brims !
So, e'en so, still may I move
By the line of Thy dear love ;
Still may Thy sweet mercy spread
A shady arm above my head,
About my paths ; so shall I find
The fair centre of my mind,
Thy temple, and those lovely walls
Bright ever with a beam that falls
Fresh from the pure glance of Thine eye,
Lighting to Eternity.
There I'll dwell for ever, there
Will I find a purer air
To feed my life with, there I'll sup
Balm and nectar in my cup ;
And thence my ripe soul will I breathe
Warm into the arms of Death.

TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY
NAME, THE NAME OF JESUS

A HYMN

I SING the Name which none can say,
But touch'd with an interior ray;
The Name of our new peace, our good,
Our bliss, and supernatural blood.
The Name of all our lives and loves.
Hearken and help, ye holy doves,
The high-born brood of day, the bright
Candidates of blissful light,
The heirs-elect of love, whose names belong
Unto the everlasting life of song;
All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
Of this unbounded Name build your warm nest;
Awake my glory, soul (if such thou be
And that fair word at all refer to thee),
 Awake and sing
 And be all wing,
Bring hither thy whole self, and let me see
What of thy parent Heaven yet speaks in thee;
 O thou art poor
 Of noble powers, I see,
And full of nothing else but empty me,
Narrow, and low, and infinitely less
Than this great morning's mighty business.
 One little word or two
 (Alas) will never do;
 We must have store,
Go, soul, out of thyself, and seek for more;
 Go and request
Great Nature for the key of her huge chest

Of heav'ns, the self-involving set of spheres,
Which dull mortality more feels than hears;

Then rouse the nest

Of nimble art, and traverse round
The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound,
And beat a summons in the same

All Sovereign Name,

To warn each several kind

And shape of sweetness, be they such

As sigh with supple wind,

Or answer artful touch,

That they convene and come away,

To wait at the love-crowned doors of this
illustrious day.

Shall we dare this, my soul? we'll do't and bring
No other note for't but the Name we sing.

Wake, lute and harp,

And every sweet-lipt thing

That talks with tuneful string

Start into life: and leap with me

Into a habit fit of self-tuned harmony;

Nor must you think it much

T' obey my bolder touch.

I have authority in Love's name to take you,

And to the work of Love this morning wake you;

Wake in the Name

Of Him who never sleeps, all things that are,

Or, what's the same,

Are musical,

Answer my call

And come along,

Help me to meditate mine immortal song.

Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,

Bring all your household stuff of heav'n on earth;
O you my soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,
Bring all the store
Of sweets you have, and murmur that you have
no more.

Come, lovely Name, appear forth from the bright
Regions of peaceful light,
Look from Thine own illustrious home,
Fair King of Names, and come,
Leave all Thy native glories in their gorgeous
nest,

And give Thyself awhile the gracious guest
Of humble souls, that seek to find
The hidden sweets
Which man's heart meets,
When Thou art master of the mind.
Come, lovely Name, life of our hope!
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
Unlock Thy cabinet of day,
Dearest sweet, and come away.

Lo, how the thirsty lands
Gasp for thy golden showers, with long-stretched
hands!

Lo, how the labouring earth,
That hopes to be
All heavens by Thee,
Leaps at Thy birth.
Come, royal Name, and pay th' expense
Of all Thy precious patience.
O! come away,
And kill the death of this delay.

O ! see so many worlds of barren years
Melted, and measured out in seas of tears ;
O ! see the weary lids of wakeful hope
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope
 With curtains drawn,
To catch the daybreak of Thy dawn ;
O ! dawn at last, long-look'd-for day,
Take thine own wings and come away.
 Sweet Name, in Thy each syllable
 A thousand blest Arabias dwell,
 A thousand hills of frankincense ;
 Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices,
 And ten thousand paradises
 The soul that tastes Thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
 Of comforts which Thou hast in keeping !
How many thousand mercies there,
 In Pity's lost lap, lie a-sleeping !
Happy he who has the art
 To awake them,
 And to take them
Home and lodge them in his heart.
O that it were as it was wont to be !
When Thy old friends of fire, all full of Thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles, gave glorious
 chase
To persecutions, and against the face
Of death and fiercest dangers durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a grave.
On their bold breasts about the world they bore
 Thee,
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach Thee :
In centre of their inmost souls they wore Thee,

Where racks and torments strived in vain to
reach Thee.

Little, alas! thought they
Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
Their fury but made way
For Thee; and served therein Thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons but set wide the doors
For Thee? Fair purple doors of Love's
devising;
The ruby windows which enriched the east
Of Thy so oft-repeated rising.
Each wound of theirs was Thy new morning;
And re-enthroned Thee in Thy rosy nest,
With blush of Thine own blood Thy day
adorning.
It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds
Of wrath, and made Thee way through all those
wounds.

THE DEAR BARGAIN

LORD! what is man? why should he cost
you
So dear? what had his ruin lost you?
Lord! what is man, that Thou hast over-
bought
So much a thing of nought?
Love is too kind, I see, and can
Make but a simple merchant man;
'Twas for such sorry merchandise,
Bold painters have put out his eyes.

Alas ! sweet Lord, what wer't to Thee,
If there were no such worms as we ?

Heaven ne'er the less still heav'n would be
Should mankind dwell
In the deep hell,

What have his woes to do with Thee ?

Let him go weep
O'er his own wounds,
Seraphims will not sleep,

Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds :

Still would the youthful spirits sing,

And still the spacious palace ring :

Still would those beauteous ministers of light

 Burn all as bright,

And bow their flaming heads before Thee,

Still thrones and dominations would adore Thee,

Still would those wakeful sons of fire

 Keep warm Thy praise

 Both nights and days,

And teach Thy loved name to their noble lyre.

Let froward dust then do its kind,

And give itself as sport to the proud wind ;

Why should a piece of peevish clay plead shares

In the eternity of Thy old cares ?

Why should'st Thou bow Thy awful breast to
 see

What mine own madnesses have done with me ?

Should not the king still keep his throne,

Because some desperate fool's undone ?

Or will the world's illustrious eyes

Weep for every worm that dies ?

 Will the gallant sun

 E'er the less glorious run ?

Will he hang down his golden head,
Or e'er the sooner seek his western bed,
Because some foolish fly
Grows wanton, and will die?

If I was lost in misery,
What was it to Thy heav'n and Thee?
What was it to the precious blood,
If my foul heart call'd for a flood?
What if my faithless soul and I

Would needs fall in
With guilt and sin?

What did the Lamb that He should die?
What did the Lamb that He should need,
When the wolf sins, Himself to bleed?

If my base lust
Bargain'd with death and well-beseeming dust,
Why should the white
Lamb's bosom write
The purple name
Of my sin's shame?

Why should His unstain'd breast make good
My blushes with His own heart-blood?

O my Saviour, make me see,
How dearly Thou hast paid for me,
That lost again my life may prove,
As then in death, so now in love.

S. MARY MAGDALENE

NOT in the evening's eyes
When they red with weeping are
For the sun that dies
Sits sorrow with a face so fair :
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

When Sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty
(For she is a queen),
Then is she dress'd by none but thee.
Then, and only then, she wears
Her proudest pearls, I mean thy tears.

The dew no more will weep,
The primrose's pale cheek to deck ;
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzled in the lily's neck :
Much rather would it be thy tear,
And leave them both to tremble here.

A HYMN TO S. TERESA

LOVE, thou art absolute sole lord
Of life and death. To prove the word,
We'll now appeal to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down
With strong arms their triumphant crown :
Such as could with lusty breath

Speak loud into the face of death
Their great Lord's glorious name ; to none
Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne
For love at large to fill : spare blood and sweat ;
We'll see him take a private seat,
Making his mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.
Scarce hath she learn'd to lisp the name
Of martyr ; yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath,
Which spent can buy so brave a death.
She never undertook to know
What death with love should have to do ;
Nor hath she e'er yet understood,
Why to show love, she should shed blood ;
Yet though she cannot tell you why,
She can love, and she can die.
Scarce hath she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake ;
Yet hath she a heart dare hope to prove,
How much less strong is death than love.

Since 'tis not to be had at home,
She'll travel for a martyrdom.
No home for her, confesses she,
But where she may a martyr be.
She'll to the Moors, and trade with them
For this unvalued diadem ;
She'll offer them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in't, in change for death.
She'll bargain with them, and will give
Them God, and teach them how to live
In Him ; or if they this deny,
For Him she'll teach them how to die.

So shall she leave amongst them sown
Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.
Farewell, then, all the world ! adieu,
Teresa is no more for you :
Farewell all pleasures, sports, and joys,
(Never till now esteemèd toys) :
Farewell whatever dear may be,
Mother's arms, or father's knee :
Farewell house, and farewell home,
She's for the Moors and martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast ! lo, thy fair spouse,
Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows,
Calls thee back, and bids thee come,
T' embrace a milder martyrdom.
O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain !
Of intolerable joys !
Of a death in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever so be slain !
And lives, and dies ; and knows not why
To live, but that he thus may never leave to die.
How kindly will thy gentle heart
Kiss the sweetly-killing dart ?
And close in thine embraces keep
Those delicious wounds that weep
Balsam to heal themselves with. Thus
When these thy deaths so numerous,
Shall all at last die into one,
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion ;
Like a soft lump of incense hasted
By too hot a fire, and wasted

Into perfuming clouds, so fast
Shall thou exhale to heav'n at last,
In a resolving sigh, and then,
O what?—ask not the tongues of men.
Angels cannot tell. Suffice,
Thyself shall feel thine own full joys,
And hold them fast for ever. There,
So soon as thou shall first appear,
The moon of maiden stars, thy white
Mistress attended by such bright
Souls as thy shining self, shall come,
And in her first ranks make thee room,
Where 'mongst her snowy family,
Immortal welcomes wait for thee.
O what delight when she shall stand
And teach thy lips heav'n with her hand,
On which thou now may'st to thy wishes,
Heap up thy consecrated kisses!
What joys shall seize thy soul, when she,
Bending her blessed eyes on thee
(Those second smiles of heav'n) shall dart
Her mild rays through thy melting heart!
Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good works which went before,
And waited for thee at the door,
Shall own thee there, and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King thy spouse,
Shall build up thy triumphant brows;
All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee.
All thy sorrows here shall shine,

And all thy suff'rings be divine ;
Tears shall take comfort and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Ev'n thy deaths shall live, and new
Dress the soul that erst they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars,
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.
Those rare works where thou shalt leave writ
Love's noble history, with wit
Taught thee by none but Him, while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
Each heavenly word by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
Both fire to us, and flame to thee ;
Whose light shall live bright, in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.
Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be
Themselves thy crown ; sons of thy vows,
The virgin-births, with which thy sovereign
 spouse
Made fruitful thy fair soul. Go now,
And with them all about thee, bow
To Him ; put on (He'll say) put on,
My rosy love, that thy rich zone,
Sparkling with the sacred flames
Of thousand souls whose happy names
Heav'n keeps upon thy score (thy bright
Life brought them first to kiss the light,
That kindled then to stars) and so
Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go,
And whereso'er He sets His white

Steps, walk with Him those ways of light ;
Which who in death would live to see,
Must learn in life to die like thee.

UPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE
OF THE SERAPHICAL SAINT
TERESA

AN APPENDIX TO "THE FLAMING HEART"

O THOU undaunted daughter of desires !
By all thy dower of lights and fires ;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;
By all thy lives and deaths of love ;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they ;
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire ;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee His ;
By all the heav'n thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim !),
By all of Him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

Richard Crashaw.

LIFE AND DEATH

FRAIL Life ! in which, through mists of
human breath

We grope for truth, and make our progress slow,
Because by passion blinded ; till, by death
Our passions ending, we begin to know.

O reverend Death ! whose looks can soon advise
E'en scornful youth, whilst priests their doctrine
waste ;

Yet mocks us too ; for he does make us wise,
When by his coming our affairs are past.

O harmless Death ! whom still the valiant brave,
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,
And all the good embrace, who know the grave
A short dark passage to eternal light.

Sir W. Davenant.

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that Night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look,
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

William Habington wrote a series of poems upon his wife under the style of Castara. His religious poetry is almost entirely upon the grave. The example here given is much above the average of his writing.

It tells the conqueror
That far-stretch'd power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest north
Some nation may,
Yet undiscover'd, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway ;

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have ;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watch'd since first
The world had birth ;
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

William Habington.

AN EVENING PRAYER

THOU whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep ;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open whilst mine close ;
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance ;
Make me to sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought ;
And with as active vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death. Oh, make me try
By sleeping, what is it to die !
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee !
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.

Sir Thomas Browne.

From "Religio Medici" (ii. 117, ed. Pickering):
"In fine, so like death [is sleep], I dare not trust it
without my prayers, and an half adieu unto the
world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God.
[Here follows the poem.] This is the dormitive I
take to bed-ward ; I need no other laudanum than
this to make me sleep : after which I close mine eyes
in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and
sleep unto the resurrection."

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S
NATIVITY

I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of weddèd maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our daily forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-
table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal
clay.

III

Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,

Now while the Heaven, by the sun's team
untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squad-
rons bright?

IV

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet :
Oh, run, prevent them with thy humble ode ;
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed
fire.

THE HYMN

I

It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great master so to sympathise :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,

And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crowned with olive-green, came softly
sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and
land.

IV

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hookèd chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :

The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kissed,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd
 wave.

VI

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warned them thence :
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them
 go.

VII

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
 The new enlightened world no more should
 need ;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree,
 could bear.

VIII

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy
 keep.

IX

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
 close.

X

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier
 union.

XI

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-faced night
arrayed ;
The helmèd cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born
Heir.

XII

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel
keep.

XIII

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so),
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow ;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly
mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
day.

XV

Yea Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace
hall.

XVI

But wisest fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify:

Yet first to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
through the deep.

XVII

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out
brake ;
The aged earth aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread
his throne.

XVIII

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for, from this happy day,
The old dragon, underground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swings the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words de-
ceiving ;

Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
 leaving ;
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
 cell

XX

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
From haunted spring, and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 mourn.

XXI

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
 The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight
 plaint ;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted
 seat.

XXII

Peor and Baälim

Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice-battered god of Palestine ;

And mooned Ashtaroth,

Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;

The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn ;

In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded

Thammuz mourn.

XXIII

And sullen Moloch fled

Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue ;

In vain with cymbals' ring

They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,

Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV

Nor is Osiris seen

In Memphian grove or green,

Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings
loud ;

Nor can he be at rest

Within his sacred chest,

Nought but profoundest hell can be his
shroud ;

In vain with timbrelled anthems dark

The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

XXV

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand ;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine ;
Our Babe to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd
crew.

XXVI

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-
loved maze.

XXVII

But see the virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have
ending :
Heaven's youngest teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp at-
tending :
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

MORNING HYMN

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !

Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven.
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling
morn

With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound His
praise

"Morning Hymn" is from "Paradise Lost," v. 153.
"The Spacious Firmament" is from viii. 100. With
the former may be compared Thomson's "Hymn"
on the Seasons, and Coleridge's "Hymn before Sun-
rise in the Vale of Chamouni," both much inferior
compositions. "God's Providence" is from "Samson
Agonistes," 652-704 ; 293-299 ; 2745-48.

In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when
thou fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now flit'st
With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering Fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.

Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance His praise.

His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters
blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye
Pines,

With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,

To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

AND for the heaven's wide circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and His line stretched out so far,
That man may know he dwells not in his own :
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodged in a small partition, and the rest
Ordained for uses to his Lord best known.
Nor think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want
praise ;
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep ;
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION

YE flaming Powers, and wingèd warriors
bright,
That erst with music and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the listening night,

Now mourn ; and if, sad share with us to bear,
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow ;
 He who with all heaven's heraldry whilere
 Entered the world, now bleeds to give us ease.
 Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize !

Oh, more exceeding love, or law more just ?
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love !
 For we by rightful doom remediless
 Were lost in death, till He that dwelt above
 High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied His glory, even to nakedness ;
 And that great cov'nant which we still transgress
 Entirely satisfied,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart
 This day ; but oh, ere long
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near His heart !

GOD'S PROVIDENCE

MANY are the sayings of the wise,
 In ancient and in modern books enrolled
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ

With studied argument, and much persuasion
sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought ;
But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers ! what is man
That Thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temperest Thy Providence through his short
course,
Not evenly, as Thou rul'st
The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute ?
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That, wandering loose about,
Grow up and perish, as the summer fly,
Heads without name, no more rememberèd ;
But such as Thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorned,
To some great work, Thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect ;
Yet toward these thus dignified, Thou oft
Amidst their highth of noon,
Changest Thy countenance and thy hand, with
no regard
Of highest favours past
From Thee on them, or them to Thee of service.

Not only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,
But throw'st them lower than Thou didst exalt
 them high ;
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission ;
Oft leavest them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived ;
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.
If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deformed,
In crude old age,
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering,
The punishment of dissolute days ; in fine,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable ;
For oft alike both come to evil end.

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men,
Unless there be who think not God at all.
If any be, they walk obscure ;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.

All is best, though we oft doubt,
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and
wide,

And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless,—though my soul more
bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
Either man’s work or his own gifts ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best :
His state
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven’s
joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix’d power employ
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
And to our high-raised fantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure concent,

Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;
 Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,
 Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow ;
 And the Cherubic host, in thousand quires,
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly :
 That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime and with harsh din
 Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion
 sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
 To His celestial concert us unite,
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of
 light !

ON TIME

TO BE SET ON A CLOCK-CASE

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy
 race ;
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;

And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely human dross ;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain !
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss ;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever
shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly - guided soul shall
climb ;
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars we shall for ever sit
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

John Milton.

HYMN FOR ADVENT

LORD, come away ;
 Why dost Thou stay ?
 Thy road is ready, and Thy paths made straight
 With longing expectation wait
 The consecration of Thy beauteous feet.
 Ride on triumphantly : behold we lay
 Our lusts and proud wills in Thy way.
 Hosannah ! welcome to our hearts : Lord, here
 Thou hast a temple, too, and full as dear
 As that of Sion ; and as full of sin—
 Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein ;
 Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the
 floor,
 Crucify them that they may never more
 Profane that holy place
 Where Thou hast chose to set Thy face.
 And then if our still tongues shall be
 Mute in the praises of Thy deity,
 The stones out of the temple-wall
 Shall cry aloud and call
 Hosannah ! and Thy glorious footsteps greet.

Jeremy Taylor, the most eloquent of English
 divines, told his friend John Evelyn that in writing
 verse he had only the use of his left hand, and it is
 astonishing to see how small skill he had in that art.
 His odes are but collections of lines of various
 lengths, with no unity and little mutual relation.

A PRAYER FOR CHARITY

THOU, who taught'st the blind man's night
To entertain a double light,
Thine and the day's (and that thine too)—
The lame away his crutches threw ;
The parchèd crust of leprosy
Returned into its infancy ;
The dumb amazèd was to hear
His own unchained tongue strike his ear ;
Thy powerful mercy did even chase
The devil from his usurped place,
Where Thou Thyself should dwell, not he—
O let Thy love our pattern be ;
Let thy mercy teach one brother
To forgive and love another ;
That copying Thy mercy here,
Thy goodness may hereafter rear
Our souls unto Thy glory, when
Our dust shall cease to be with men.

Jeremy Taylor.

AFFLICTION

THE pilot's skill how can we know
Till tempests blow ?
How is that soldier's valour seen
Which ne'er hath been
In fight ? they scarce true soldiers are
That have no wound to show, or scar.

Those soldiers which the general
Calls out of all
His army to attempt some great
And brave exploit,
Are those sure whom he means to grace
With honour, and some higher place.

Except we fight, there is no crown
And no renown ;
Unless we sweat in the vineyard,
There's no reward :
Unless we climb Mount Calvary,
Mount Olivet we shall not see.

Alexander Rosse.

The Rev. Alexander Rosse was one of Charles I.'s chaplains. The few verses here given are from a poem in "Mel Heliconium, or Poetical Honey Gathered out of the Weeds of Parnassus" (1646): quoted by Mr Abbey in "Religious Thought in Old English Verse."

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO
ALMIGHTY GOD

HOW shall I sing that Majesty
Which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
Sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I Thy footsteps trace;
A sound of God comes to my ears;
But they behold Thy face.
They sing because Thou art their sun:
Lord, send a beam on me;
For where heaven is but once begun
There hallelujahs be.

Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
Enflame it with love's fire;
Then shall I sing and bear a part
With that celestial choir.

The Rev. John Mason, rector of Water Stratford, Bucks., was distinguished in his day for millenarian notions. Latterly his mind became unhinged; he ceased to use the Church prayers, and announced that the reign of the saints was about to begin. The

I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my fire and light ;
Yet when Thou dost accept their gold,
Lord, treasure up my mite.

How great a being, Lord, is Thine
Which doth all beings keep !
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.
Thou art a sea without a shore,
A sun without a sphere ;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is everywhere.

How good art Thou, whose goodness is
Our parent, nurse, and guide !
Whose streams do water Paradise,
And all the earth beside !
Thine upper and Thy nether streams
Make bold Thy worlds to thrive ;
Under Thy warm and sheltering wings
Thou keep'st two broods alive.

Thy arm of might, most mighty King,
Both rocks and hearts doth break :
My God, Thou canst do everything
But what should show Thee weak.
Thou canst not cross Thyself, or be
Less than Thyself, or poor ;
But whatsoever pleaseth Thee
That canst Thou do, and more.

succeeding rector had to exhume his body to convince the parishioners that he had really died. His "Songs of Praise" were published in 1683.

THE PEACE OF GOD

THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
The peace of God which Christ has bought,
The peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consumed
Whilst God remained there ;
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand ;
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, His love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend ;
And though He does not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

John Mason.

THE HOUSE OF THE MIND

AS earth's pageant passes by,
Let reflection turn thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast;
There alone dwells solid rest.

That's a close immurèd tower
Which can mock all hostile power:
To thyself a tenant be,
And inhabit safe and free.

Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall;
In a cleanly sober mind
Heaven itself full room doth find.

Th' infinite Creator can
Dwell in it, and may not man?
Here content make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

Joseph Beaumont.

Dr Joseph Beaumont, Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, and afterwards of Peterhouse, was the author of a religious poem called "Psyche," in the Spenserian stanza, of some 30,000 lines, as well as of minor poems. These have been collected and edited by Dr Grosart.

RESOLUTION

COLLECT thy soul into one sphere
Of light, and 'bove the earth it rear :
Those wild scatter'd thoughts that erst
Lay loosely in the world dispersed,
Call in : thy spirit thus knit in one
Fair lucid orb, thy fears be gone
Like vain impostures of the night
That fly before the morning bright.
Then with pure eyes thou shalt behold
How the First Goodness doth infold
All things in loving tender arms ;
That deemèd mischiefs are no harms,
But sovereign salves and skilful cures
Of greater woes the world endures ;
That man's stout soul may win a state
Far raised above the reach of Fate.

Then wilt thou say, *God rules the world,*
Though mountain over mountain hurled
Be pitch'd amid the foaming main,
Which busy winds to wrath constrain ;
Though inward tempests fiercely rock
The tott'ring earth, that with the shock

Henry More, one of the so-called Cambridge Platonists, wrote a philosophical poem, in the Spenserian stanza, called "A Platonick Song of the Soul," with parts called Psychozoia, Psychathanasia, Anti-psychopannychia, etc. The poems here given are from "Minor Poems," 1647.

High spires and heavy rocks fall down,
With their own weight drove into ground ;
Though pitchy blasts from hell upborne
Stop the outgoings of the morn,
And Nature play her fiery games
In this forced night with fulgorant flames ;
Baring by fits for more affright
The pale dead visages, ghastly sight,
Of men astonish'd at the stoure
Of heaven's great rage, the rattling shower
Of hail, the hoarse bellowing of thunder,
Their own loud shrieks made mad with wonder ;
All this confusion cannot move
The purgèd mind, freed from the love
Of commerce with her body dear,
Cell of sad thoughts, sole spring of fear.

Power, Wisdom, Goodness sure did frame
This universe and still guide the same.
But thoughts from passions sprung, deceive
Vain mortals. No man can contrive
A better course than what's been run
Since the first circuit of the sun.

He that beholds all from on high
Knows better what to do than I.
I'm not mine own : should I repine
If He dispose of what's not mine ?
Purge but thy soul of blind self-will,
Thou straight shall see God doth no ill.
The world He fills with the bright rays
Of His free goodness. He displays

Himself throughout. Like common air
That Spirit of Life through all doth fare,
Sucked in by them as vital breath
That willingly embrace not death.
But those that with that living law
Be unacquainted, cares do gnaw ;
Mistrust of God's good providence
Doth daily vex their wearied sense.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION

SING aloud ! His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.
He the boundless heavens has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned,¹
He that on Olympus high
Tends his flocks with watchful eye,
And this eye² hath multiplied
'Midst each flock³ for to reside.
Thus, as round about they stray,
Toucheth⁴ each with outstretched ray ;
Nimble they hold on their way,
Shaping out their night and day.
Summer, winter, autumn, spring,
Their inclinèd axes bring.
Never slack they ; none respire,
Dancing round their central fires.
In due order as they move,
Echoes sweet be gently drove

¹ Kneaded. ² Sun. ³ System.

⁴ They touch each other.

Thorough heaven's vast hollowness,
Which unto all corners press :
Fills the listening sailors' ears
Riding on the wandering spheres :
Neither speech nor language is
Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong,
Witness all the creature throng,
Is confessed by every tongue ;
All things back ¹ from whence they sprung,
As the thankful rivers pay
What they borrowed of the sea.

Now myself I do resign :
Take me whole : I all am Thine.
Save me, God, from self-desire,—
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire—
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire :
Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, Thy praise I'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string.
Bear a part, O Wisdom's sons,
Freed from vain religions !
Lo, from far, I you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my lute—
India, Egypt, Araby,
Asia, Greece, and Tartary,
Carmel-tracts, and Lebanon,
With the Mountains of the Moon,
From whence muddy Nile doth run,
Or wherever else you won : ²

¹ Go back.

² Dwell.

Breathing in one vital air,
One we are, though distant far.

Rise at once, let's sacrifice ;
Odours sweet perfume the skies ;
See how heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflamed with high aspires !
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls.
Leave we nothing to ourselves
Save a voice—what need we else !—
Or an hand to wear and tire
On the thankful lute or lyre !

Sing aloud—His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.

Henry More.

THE EXIT

MY soul, go boldly forth,
Forsake this sinful earth,
What hath it been to thee
But pain and sorrow,
And think'st thou it will be
Better to-morrow?

Why art thou for delay?
Thou cam'st not here to stay:
What tak'st thou for thy part
But heavenly pleasure?
Where then should be thy heart
But where's thy treasure?

There I shall know God more,
There is the blessed chore,¹

¹ Choir.

Richard Baxter, the celebrated Presbyterian divine, author of the "Saints' Everlasting Rest," was a lengthy writer. "The Exit" has thirty-one verses, of which twelve are here printed. The full title of his "Poetical Fragments" is as follows:—"Heart Employment with God and Itself. The concordant discord of a broken-healed heart, sorrowing-rejoicing, fearing-hoping, dying-living. Written partly for himself, and partly for near friends in sickness and other deep afflictions" (1699). To which the next year were added others, "written for himself, and communicated to such as are more for serious verse than smooth."

No wickedness comes there,
All there is holy :
There is no grief or fear,
No sin or folly.

Love flames in every breast
The greatest and the least,
Strangers to this sweet life
There are not any.
Love leaves no place for strife,
Makes one of many.

Each is to other dear ;
No malice enters there,
No siding difference,
No hurt, no evil ;
Because no ignorance,
No sin, no devil.

What joy must there needs be
Where all God's glory see,
Feeling God's vital love
Which still is burning ;
And flaming Godward move,
Full love returning.

Gladly, my soul, go forth ;
Is heaven of no more worth
Than this curst desert is,
This world of trouble ?
Prefer eternal bliss
Before this bubble.

Wish not still for delay ;
Why would'st thou longer stay
From Christ, from home so far,
In self-denial :
And live in longer war
A life of trial ?

Cherish not causeless doubt
That God will shut thee out :
What if He thee assured
From heaven by letter ?
His Son, His Spirit, and Word
Have done it better.

Christ who knows all His sheep
Will all in safety keep.
He will not lose His blood
Nor intercession :
Nor we the purchased good
Of His dear Passion.

I know my God is just,
To Him I wholly trust
All that I have and am,
All that I hope for :
All's sure and seen to Him
Which I here grope for.

Lord Jesus, take my spirit,
I trust Thy love and merit:
Take home this wandering sheep,
For Thou hast sought it :
This soul in safety keep,
For Thou hast bought it. Amen.
Richard Baxter.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RE-
SOLVED SOUL AND CREATED
PLEASURE

COURAGE, my soul ! now learn
to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Close on thy head thy helmet bright ;
Balance thy sword against the fight ;
See where an army, strong as fair,
With silken banner spreads the air !
Now, if thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat let it shine,
And show that nature wants an art
To conquer one resolvèd heart.

Pleasure. Welcome the creation's guest,
Lord of earth, and heaven's heir !
Lay aside that warlike crest,
And of Nature's banquet share ;
Where the souls of fruits and flowers
Stand prepared to heighten yours.

Andrew Marvell is one of the few English poets whose style can be called exquisite. Lamb speaks of his "witty delicacy." The period of his poetical production, exclusive of the satires, was the two years (1650-52) he spent at Nun Appleton as tutor to the daughter of Lord Fairfax. By him he was introduced to Milton, and became assistant Latin secretary, and subsequently M.P. for Hull. At the Restoration he was able to protect Milton.

- Soul.* I sup above, and cannot stay
To bait so long upon the way.
- Pleasure.* On these downy pillows lie,
Whose soft plumes will thither fly :
On these roses, strewed so plain
Lest one leaf thy side should strain.
- Soul.* My gentler rest is on a thought,
Conscious of doing what I ought.
- Pleasure.* If thou be'st with perfumes pleased,
Such as oft the gods appeased,
Thou in fragrant clouds shalt show,
Like another god below.
- Soul.* A soul that knows not to presume,
Is heaven's, and its own, perfume.
- Pleasure.* Everything does seem to vie
Which should first attract thine eye :
But since none deserves that grace,
In this crystal view thy face.
- Soul.* When the Creator's skill is prized,
The rest is all but earth disguised.
- Pleasure.* Hark, how music then prepares
For thy stay these charming airs,
Which the posting winds recall,
And suspend the river's fall.
-

Soul. Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease, tempter! None can chain a
mind,
Whom this sweet cordage cannot
bind.

Chorus. Earth cannot show so brave a sight,
As when a single soul does fence
The batteries of alluring sense,
And heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere; for still new
charges sound,
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt
be crowned.

Pleasure. All that's costly, fair, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

Soul. If things of sight such heavens be,
What heavens are those we cannot
see?

Pleasure. Wheresoe'er thy foot shall go
The minted gold shall lie,
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new worlds to buy.

Soul. Wer't not for price, who'd value gold?
And that's worth naught that can be
sold.

- Pleasure.* Wilt thou all the glory have
That war or peace commend ?
Half the world shall be thy slave,
The other half thy friend.
- Soul.* What friend, if to myself untrue ?
What slaves, unless I captive you ?
- Pleasure.* Thou shalt know each hidden cause,
And see the future time ;
Try what depth the centre draws,
And then to heaven climb.
- Soul.* None thither mounts by the degree
Of knowledge, but humility.
- Chorus.* Triumph, triumph, victorious soul !
The world has not one pleasure
more :
The rest does lie beyond the pole,
And is thine everlasting store.

ON A DROP OF DEW

SEE, how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses
(Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born),
Round in itself encloses ;
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames, as it can, its native element.

How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies ;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure ;
Till the warm sun pity its pain,
And to the skies exhale it back again.
So the soul, that drop, that ray
Of the clear fountain of eternal day
(Could it within the human flower be seen),
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves, and blossoms green,
And, recollecting its own light,
Does in its pure and circling thoughts express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away ;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day ;
Dark beneath, but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go ;
How girt and ready to ascend ;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil ;
White and entire, though congealed and chill ;
Congealed on earth ; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

Andrew Marvell.

MATTINS

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul
leave

To do the like ; our bodies but fore-run
The spirit's duty ; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun.

Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt
thou keep

Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures : note the hush
And whispers amongst them. There's not a
spring

Or leaf but hath his morning hymn. Each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not
sing ?

O leave thy cares and follies ! go this way ;
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Henry Vaughan, called the Silurist, as an inhabitant of South Wales, owed to Herbert both his conversion and much of his inspiration as a poet. What the debt exactly was the present writer has endeavoured to estimate in a preface to the edition of Vaughan in the "Muses' Library" (Laurence & Bullen). But Vaughan's mysticism, the predominating quality of his best verse, gives him independent rank. At his best he can soar far beyond Herbert's range, but he lacks Herbert's fine sense of style, and rarely maintains a high level throughout a long poem. The pieces here given present him at his best and most equable.

MAN

WEIGHING the steadfastness and state
 Of some mean things which here below
 reside,
 Where birds like watchful clocks the noiseless
 date
 And intercourse of times divide,
 Where bees at night get home and hive, and
 flow'rs,
 Early as well as late,
 Rise with the sun, and set in the same bow'rs,
 I would, said I, my God would give
 The staidness of these things to man ! for these
 To His divine appointments ever cleave,
 And no new business breaks their peace ;
 The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,
 The flow'rs without clothes live,
 Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

Man hath still either toys or care ;
 He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
 But ever restless and irregular
 About this earth doth run and ride.
 He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows
 where ;
 He says it is so far,
 That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams :
 Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
 Which in the darkest nights point to their homes
 By some hid sense their Maker gave ;

Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
 And passage through these looms
 God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.

THE RETREAT

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy !
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ;
When on some gilded Cloud or Flow'r
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track !

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL AND CREATED PLEASURE

COURAGE, my soul ! now learn
to wield

The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Close on thy head thy helmet bright ;
Balance thy sword against the fight ;
See where an army, strong as fair,
With silken banner spreads the air !
Now, if thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat let it shine,
And show that nature wants an art
To conquer one resolvèd heart.

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To bait so long upon the way.

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For thy stay these charming airs,
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Then persevere; for still new
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And if thou overcom'st thou shalt
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Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one beauty meet,
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The minted gold shall lie,
Till thou purchase all below,
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And is thine everlasting store.

ON A DROP OF DEW

SEE, how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses
(Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born),
Round in itself encloses ;
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames, as it can, its native element.

How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies ;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure ;
Till the warm sun pity its pain,
And to the skies exhale it back again.
So the soul, that drop, that ray
Of the clear fountain of eternal day
(Could it within the human flower be seen),
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves, and blossoms green,
And, recollecting its own light,
Does in its pure and circling thoughts express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away ;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day ;
Dark beneath, but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go ;
How girt and ready to ascend ;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil ;
White and entire, though congealed and chill ;
Congealed on earth ; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

Andrew Marvell.

MATTINS

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul
leave

To do the like ; our bodies but fore-run
The spirit's duty ; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun.

Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt
thou keep

Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures : note the hush
And whispers amongst them. There's not a
spring

Or leaf but hath his morning hymn. Each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not
sing ?

O leave thy cares and follies ! go this way ;
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Henry Vaughan, called the Silurist, as an inhabitant of South Wales, owed to Herbert both his conversion and much of his inspiration as a poet. What the debt exactly was the present writer has endeavoured to estimate in a preface to the edition of Vaughan in the "Muses' Library" (Laurence & Bullen). But Vaughan's mysticism, the predominating quality of his best verse, gives him independent rank. At his best he can soar far beyond Herbert's range, but he lacks Herbert's fine sense of style, and rarely maintains a high level throughout a long poem. The pieces here given present him at his best and most equable.

MAN

WEIGHING the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below
reside,

Where birds like watchful clocks the noiseless
date

And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and
flow'rs,

Early as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bow'rs,

I would, said I, my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,

And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flow'rs without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

Man hath still either toys or care;
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But ever restless and irregular

About this earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows
where;

He says it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams:
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes
By some hid sense their Maker gave;

Wish not still for delay ;
Why would'st thou longer stay
From Christ, from home so far,
In self-denial :
And live in longer war
A life of trial ?

Cherish not causeless doubt
That God will shut thee out :
What if He thee assured
From heaven by letter ?
His Son, His Spirit, and Word
Have done it better :

Christ who knows all His sheep
Will all in safety keep.
He will not lose His blood
Nor intercession :
Nor we the purchased good
Of His dear Passion.

I know my God is just,
To Him I wholly trust
All that I have and am,
All that I hope for :
All's sure and seen to Him
Which I here grope for.

Lord Jesus, take my spirit,
I trust Thy love and merit:
Take home this wandering sheep,
For Thou hast sought it :
This soul in safety keep,
For Thou hast bought it. Amen.
Richard Baxter.

That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train ;
From whence th'enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm trees.
But ah ! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move ;
And, when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

ETENIM RES CREATÆ EXERTO
CAPITE OBSERVANTES EX-
PECTANT REVELATIONEM
FILIORUM DEI

AND do they so ? have they a sense
Of ought but influence ?
Can they their heads lift, and expect,
And groan too ? why, th' elect
Can do no more : my volumes said
They were all dull and dead ;
They judged them senseless, and their state
Wholly inanimate.
Go, go ; seal up thy looks,
And burn thy books.

The title of this poem seems to be Vaughan's own version of Romans viii. 19, the words *exerto capite*, "with head outstretched," having no parallel in the Vulgate version or Beza's.

I would I were a stone, or tree,
Or flow'r by pedigree,
Or some poor highway herb, or spring
To flow, or bird to sing !
Then should I, tied to one sure state,
All day expect my date.
But I am sadly loose, and stray
A giddy blast each way ;
O let me not thus range !
Thou canst not change.

Sometimes I sit with Thee, and tarry
An hour or so, then vary.
Thy other creatures in this scene
Thee only aim and mean ;
Some rise to seek Thee, and with heads
Erect peep from their beds ;
Others, whose birth is in the tomb,
And cannot quit the womb,
Sigh there, and groan for Thee,
Their liberty.

O let not me do less ! shall they
Watch, while I sleep or play ?
Shall I Thy mercies still abuse
With fancies, friends, or news ?
O brook it not ! Thy blood is mine,
And my soul should be Thine ;
O brook it not ! why wilt Thou stop
After whole show'rs one drop ?
Sure Thou wilt joy to see
Thy sheep with Thee.

DESERT

I HAVE deserved a thick Egyptian damp,
 Dark as my deeds,
 Should mist within me, and put out that lamp
 Thy spirit feeds ;
 A darting conscience full of stabs and fears,
 No shade but yew,
 Sullen and sad eclipses, cloudy spheres,
 These are my due.
 But He that with His blood, a price too dear,
 My scores did pay,
 Bid me, by virtue from Him, challenge here
 The brightest day ;
 Sweet, downy thoughts, soft lily-shades, calm
 streams,
 Joys full and true,
 Fresh spicy mornings and eternal beams,
 These are His due.

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE

SINCE in a land not barren still,
 Because Thou dost Thy grace distil,
 My lot is fallen, blest be Thy will.

 And since these biting frosts but kill
 Some tares in me which choke or spill
 That seed Thou sow'st, blest be Thy skill !

 Blest be Thy dew, and blest Thy frost,
 And happy I to be so crost
 And cured by crosses at Thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distrest,
The frosts ill weeds nip and molest,
In both Thou work'st unto the best.

Thus while Thy several mercies plot,
And work on me, now cold, now hot,
The work goes on and slacketh not ;

For as Thy hand the weather steers,
So thrive I blest 'twixt joys and tears,
And all the year have some green ears.

THE WORLD ✓

THOU art not Truth ! for he that tries
Shall find thee all deceit and lies.
Thou art not Friendship ! for in thee
'Tis but the bait of policy ;
Which like a viper lodged in flowers
Its venom through that sweetness pours.
And when not so, then always 'tis
A fading paint, the short-lived bliss
Of air and humour, out and in,
Like colours in a dolphin's skin.
Thou art not riches ! for that trash,
Which one age hoards, the next doth wash
And so severely sweep away,
That few remember where it lay.
So rapid streams the wealthy land
About them have at their command,
And shifting channels here restore,
There break down what they bank'd before.

Thou art not Honour ! for those gay
Feathers will wear and drop away ;
And princes to some upstart line
Give new ones that are full as fine.
Thou art not Pleasure ! For thy rose
Upon a thorn doth still repose,
Which, if not cropt, will quickly shed,
But soon as cropt grows dull and dead.

Thou art the sand which fills one glass,
And then doth to another pass ;
And could I put thee to a stay,
Thou art but dust. Then go thy way,
And leave me clean and bright though poor ;
Who stops thee doth but daub his floor ;
And, swallow-like, when he hath done,
To unknown dwellings must be gone.

PROVIDENCE

SACRED and secret hand !
By whose assisting, swift command
The angel showed that holy well,
Which freed poor Hagar from her fears,
And turned to smiles the begging tears
Of young distressed Ishmael.

If I Thy servant be,
Whose service makes ev'n captives free,
A fish shall all my tribute pay,
The swift-wing'd raven shall bring me meat,
And I, like flowers, shall still go neat,
As if I knew no month but May.

Poor birds this doctrine sing ;
 And herbs, which on dry hills do spring
 Or in the howling wilderness,
 Do know Thy dewy morning hours,
 And watch all night for mists and showers,
 Then drink and praise Thy bounteousness.

THE RAINBOW

STILL young and fine ! but what is still in
 view
 We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and
 new.
 How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring
 eye
 Thy burnisht flaming arch did first descry !
 When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
 The youthful world's grey fathers in one knot,
 Did with intente looks watch every hour
 For thy new light, and trembled at each
 shower !
 When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and
 fair,
 Storms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air,
 Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
 Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and
 flowers.

Campbell borrowed from this poem in his "Rain-
 bow" the lines—

"How came *the world's gray fathers* forth
 To watch thy sacred sign."

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant, and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the covenant 'twixt all and One.

THE NIGHT

THROUGH that pure Virgin-shrine,
That sacred veil drawn o'er thy glorious
noon,
That men might look and live, as glow-worms
shine,
And face the moon,
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
Thy long-expected healing wings could see,
When thou didst rise;
And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

O who will tell me where
He found Thee at that dead and silent hour!
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower;
Within whose sacred leaves did lie
The fulness of the Deity!

No mercy seat of gold,
No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone,
But his own living works, did my Lord hold
And lodge alone ;
Where trees and herbs did watch and
peep
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear night ! this world's defeat ;
The stop to busy fools ; care's check and curb ;
The day of spirits ; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb !
Christ's progress, and His prayer time ;
The hours to which high heaven doth
chime ;

God's silent, searching flight ;
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and
all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of
night ;
His still, soft call ;
His knocking time ; the soul's dumb
watch,
When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some Angel's wing or
voice
Is seldom rent ;
Then I in heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
 Doth all things wake, and where all mix and
 tire
 Themselves and others, I consent and run
 To every mire ;
 And by this world's ill-guiding light,
 Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God, some say,
 A deep but dazzling darkness ; as men here
 Say it is late and dusky, because they
 See not all clear.
 O for that night where I in Him
 Might live invisible and dim !

DEPARTED FRIENDS

THEY are all gone into the world of light !
 And I alone sit lingering here !
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days ;
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility !

High as the heavens above ;

These are your walks, and you have show'd
them me

To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death ; the jewel of the just !

Shining nowhere but in the dark ;

What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,

Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest
may know

At first sight if the bird be flown ;

But what fair well or grove he sings in now,

That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams

Call to the soul when man doth sleep,

So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes

And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,

Her captive flames must needs burn there ;

But when the hand that lock'd her up gives
room,

She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all

Created glories under Thee !

Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall

Into true liberty !

Ei

Or

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective still as they pass ;
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
 Where I shall need no glass.

THE DAWNING

AH! what time wilt Thou come? when
 shall that cry,
The Bridegroom's coming! fill the sky;
 Shall it in the evening run
 When our words and works are done?
 Or will Thy all-surprising light
 Break at midnight,
 When either sleep or some dark pleasure
 Possesseth mad man without measure?
 Or shall these early, fragrant hours
 Unlock Thy bow'rs,
 And with their blush of light descry
 Thy locks crown'd with eternity?
 Indeed, it is the only time
 That with Thy glory doth best chime;
 All now are stirring, ev'ry field
 Full hymns doth yield;
 The whole Creation shakes off night,
 And for Thy shadow looks the light;
 Stars now vanish without number,
 Sleepy planets set and slumber,
 The pury clouds disband and scatter,
 All expect some sudden matter;
 Not one beam triumphs but from far
 That morning-star.

O at what time soever thou
Unknown to us the heavens wilt bow,
And, with Thy angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man,
Grant, I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt security,
Where if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead, and in a grave.
But as this restless, vocal spring
All day and night doth run, and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted ;
So let me all my busy age
In Thy free services engage ;
And though (while here) of force I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her channel flow,
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above ;
So when that day and hour shall come,
In which Thyself will be the sun,
Thou'lt find me drest and on my way,
Watching the break of Thy great day.

Henry Vaughan.

THE SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG IN
THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

HE that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much ;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave
Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is
That go on to pilgrimage ;
Here little and hereafter bliss
Is best from age to age.

John Bunyan.

From "The Pilgrim's Progress," Part II. This sweet little song has no less sweet a setting. "Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's Sheep. The Boy was in very mean Cloaths, but of a very fresh and well-favoured Countenance, and as he sate by himself he sung. Hark, said *Mr Greatheart*, to what the Shepherd's boy saith. So they hearkened, and he said—

"He that is down needs fear no fall," etc.

THE ASPIRATION

HOW long, great God, how long must I
Immured in this dark prison lie ;
Where at the grates and avenues of sense,
My soul must watch to have intelligence ;
Where but faint gleams of Thee salute my sight,
Like doubtful moonshine in a cloudy night ;
When shall I leave this magic sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear ?

How cold this clime ! And yet my sense
Perceives e'en here Thy influence.
E'en here Thy strong magnetic charms I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.
To lower good, and beauties less divine,
Sometimes my erroneous needle does incline ;
But yet, so strong the sympathy,
It turns and points again to Thee.

The Rev. John Norris was rector of Bemerton, Herbert's parish, for twenty years (1691-1711); it was, however, before going there that he published his "Poems" (1684), which are far removed from Herbert's inspiration, though they occasionally suggest his manner. The thought is usually virile, but the attitudinising expression often rises no higher than Christopher Harvey's lucubrations in "The Synagogue," which are bound up with too many copies of "The Temple." There is great dignity in one piece on "The Passion of the Virgin Mother," which opens—

"Nigh to the fatal and yet sovereign wood."

Soul. Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease, tempter! None can chain a
mind,
Whom this sweet cordage cannot
bind.

Chorus. Earth cannot show so brave a sight,
As when a single soul does fence
The batteries of alluring sense,
And heaven views it with delight.
Then persevere; for still new
charges sound,
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt
be crowned.

Pleasure. All that's costly, fair, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

Soul. If things of sight such heavens be,
What heavens are those we cannot
see?

Pleasure. Wheresoe'er thy foot shall go
The minted gold shall lie,
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new worlds to buy.

Soul. Wer't not for price, who'd value gold?
And that's worth naught that can be
sold.

- Pleasure.* Wilt thou all the glory have
That war or peace commend ?
Half the world shall be thy slave,
The other half thy friend.
- Soul.* What friend, if to myself untrue ?
What slaves, unless I captive you ?
- Pleasure.* Thou shalt know each hidden cause,
And see the future time ;
Try what depth the centre draws,
And then to heaven climb.
- Soul.* None thither mounts by the degree
Of knowledge, but humility.
- Chorus.* Triumph, triumph, victorious soul !
The world has not one pleasure
more :
The rest does lie beyond the pole,
And is thine everlasting store.

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Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses
(Yet careless of its mansion new,
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He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows
where;

He says it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams:
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes
By some hid sense their Maker gave;

Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.

THE RETREAT

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy !
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ;
When on some gilded Cloud or Flow'r
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track !

“The Retreat” is interesting, besides its own merits, as the germ of Wordsworth's great ode on the “Intimations of Immortality.” We know that a copy of the rare “*Silex Scintillans*” was in Wordsworth's library.

That I might once more reach that plain,
 Where first I left my glorious train ;
 From whence th'enlightened spirit sees
 That shady city of palm trees.
 But ah ! my soul with too much stay
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And cannot quit the womb,
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THOU art not Truth ! for he that tries
Shall find thee all deceit and lies.
Thou art not Friendship ! for in thee
'Tis but the bait of policy ;
Which like a viper lodged in flowers
Its venom through that sweetness pours.
And when not so, then always 'tis
A fading paint, the short-lived bliss
Of air and humour, out and in,
Like colours in a dolphin's skin.
Thou art not riches ! for that trash,
Which one age hoards, the next doth wash
And so severely sweep away,
That few remember where it lay.
So rapid streams the wealthy land
About them have at their command,
And shifting channels here restore,
There break down what they bank'd before.

Thou art not Honour ! for those gay
Feathers will wear and drop away ;
And princes to some upstart line
Give new ones that are full as fine.
Thou art not Pleasure ! For thy rose
Upon a thorn doth still repose,
Which, if not cropt, will quickly shed,
But soon as cropt grows dull and dead.

Thou art the sand which fills one glass,
And then doth to another pass ;
And could I put thee to a stay,
Thou art but dust. Then go thy way,
And leave me clean and bright though poor ;
Who stops thee doth but daub his floor ;
And, swallow-like, when he hath done,
To unknown dwellings must be gone.

PROVIDENCE

SACRED and secret hand !
By whose assisting, swift command
The angel showed that holy well,
Which freed poor Hagar from her fears,
And turned to smiles the begging tears
Of young distressed Ishmael.

If I Thy servant be,
Whose service makes ev'n captives free,
A fish shall all my tribute pay,
The swift-wing'd raven shall bring me meat,
And I, like flowers, shall still go neat,
As if I knew no month but May.

Poor birds this doctrine sing ;
 And herbs, which on dry hills do spring
 Or in the howling wilderness,
 Do know Thy dewy morning hours,
 And watch all night for mists and showers,
 Then drink and praise Thy bounteousness.

THE RAINBOW

STILL young and fine ! but what is still in
 view
 We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and
 new.
 How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring
 eye
 Thy burnisht flaming arch did first descry !
 When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
 The youthful world's grey fathers in one knot,
 Did with intente looks watch every hour
 For thy new light, and trembled at each
 shower !
 When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and
 fair,
 Storms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air,
 Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
 Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and
 flowers.

Campbell borrowed from this poem in his "Rain-
 bow" the lines—

"How came *the world's gray fathers* forth
 To watch thy sacred sign.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant, and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the covenant 'twixt all and One.

THE NIGHT

THROUGH that pure Virgin-shrine,
That sacred veil drawn o'er thy glorious
noon,
That men might look and live, as glow-worms
shine,
And face the moon,
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
Thy long-expected healing wings could see,
When thou didst rise;
And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

O who will tell me where
He found Thee at that dead and silent hour!
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower;
Within whose sacred leaves did lie
The fulness of the Deity!

No mercy seat of gold,
No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone,
But his own living works, did my Lord hold
And lodge alone;
Where trees and herbs did watch and
peep
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear night ! this world's defeat ;
The stop to busy fools ; care's check and curb ;
The day of spirits ; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb !
Christ's progress, and His prayer time ;
The hours to which high heaven doth
chime ;

God's silent, searching flight ;
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and
all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of
night ;
His still, soft call ;
His knocking time ; the soul's dumb
watch,
When spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some Angel's wing or
voice

Is seldom rent ;
Then I in heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and
tire
Themselves and others, I consent and run
To every mire ;
And by this world's ill-guiding light,
Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God, some say,
A deep but dazzling darkness ; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that night where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim !

DEPARTED FRIENDS

THEY are all gone into the world of light !
And I alone sit lingering here !
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days ;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility !
 High as the heavens above ;
These are your walks, and you have show'd
 them me
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death ; the jewel of the just !
 Shining nowhere but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest
 may know
 At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
 themes
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
 Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that lock'd her up gives
 room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under Thee !
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty !

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective still as they pass ;
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
 Where I shall need no glass.

THE DAWNING

A H ! what time wilt Thou come ? when
 shall that cry,
The Bridegroom's coming ! fill the sky ;
 Shall it in the evening run
 When our words and works are done ?
 Or will Thy all-surprising light
 Break at midnight,
 When either sleep or some dark pleasure
 Possesseth mad man without measure ?
 Or shall these early, fragrant hours
 Unlock Thy bow'rs,
 And with their blush of light descry
 Thy locks crown'd with eternity ?
 Indeed, it is the only time
 That with Thy glory doth best chime ;
 All now are stirring, ev'ry field
 Full hymns doth yield ;
 The whole Creation shakes off night,
 And for Thy shadow looks the light ;
 Stars now vanish without number,
 Sleepy planets set and slumber,
 The pury clouds disband and scatter,
 All expect some sudden matter ;
 Not one beam triumphs but from far
 That morning-star.

O at what time soever thou
Unknown to us the heavens wilt bow,
And, with Thy angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man,
Grant, I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt security,
Where if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead, and in a grave.
But as this restless, vocal spring
All day and night doth run, and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted ;
So let me all my busy age
In Thy free services engage ;
And though (while here) of force I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her channel flow,
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above ;
So when that day and hour shall come,
In which Thyself will be the sun,
Thou'lt find me drest and on my way,
Watching the break of Thy great day.

Henry Vaughan.

THE SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG IN
THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

HE that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much ;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave
Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is
That go on to pilgrimage ;
Here little and hereafter bliss
Is best from age to age.

John Bunyan.

From "The Pilgrim's Progress," Part II. This sweet little song has no less sweet a setting. "Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's Sheep. The Boy was in very mean Cloaths, but of a very fresh and well-favoured Countenance, and as he sate by himself he sung. Hark, said *Mr Greatheart*, to what the Shepherd's boy saith. So they hearkened, and he said—

"He that is down needs fear no fall," etc.

THE ASPIRATION

HOW long, great God, how long must I
Immured in this dark prison lie ;
Where at the grates and avenues of sense,
My soul must watch to have intelligence ;
Where but faint gleams of Thee salute my sight,
Like doubtful moonshine in a cloudy night ;
When shall I leave this magic sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear ?

How cold this clime ! And yet my sense
Perceives e'en here Thy influence.
E'en here Thy strong magnetic charms I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.
To lower good, and beauties less divine,
Sometimes my erroneous needle does incline ;
But yet, so strong the sympathy,
It turns and points again to Thee.

The Rev. John Norris was rector of Bemerton, Herbert's parish, for twenty years (1691-1711); it was, however, before going there that he published his "Poems" (1684), which are far removed from Herbert's inspiration, though they occasionally suggest his manner. The thought is usually virile, but the attitudinising expression often rises no higher than Christopher Harvey's lucubrations in "The Synagogue," which are bound up with too many copies of "The Temple." There is great dignity in one piece on "The Passion of the Virgin Mother," which opens—

"Nigh to the fatal and yet sovereign wood."

I long to see this excellence
Which at such distance strikes my sense.
My impatient soul struggles to disengage
Her wings from the confinement of her cage.
Would'st Thou, great Love, this prisoner once
set free,
How would she hasten to be link'd to Thee!
She'd for no angel's conduct stay,
But fly, and love on all the way.

John Norris.

FOR CHRISTMAS

AND art Thou come, blest Babe, and come
to me?

Come down to teach me how to come to Thee?
Welcome, thrice welcome, to my panting soul,
Which, as it loves, doth grieve that 'tis so foul.
The less 'tis fit for Thee come from above,
The more it needs Thee, and the more I love.

But art Thou come, dear Saviour? hath Thy
love

Thus made Thee stoop and leave Thy throne
above,

Thy lofty heavens, and thus Thyself to dress

In dust to visit mortals? Could no less

A condescension serve, and after all

The mean reception of a cratch and stall?

Dear Lord, I'll fetch Thee hence! I have a
room—

'Tis poor, but 'tis my best—if Thou wilt come

Within so small a cell, where I would fain

Mine and the world's Redeemer entertain.

I mean my heart; 'tis sluttish, I confess,

And will not mend Thy lodging, Lord, unless

Thou send before Thy harbinger, I mean

The "Christmas Poem" and the "Litany" are
from "The Moravian Hymn-Book"; a collection
made in 1754, and including many well-known seven-
teenth-century poems, some curiously trimmed into
shape for singing.

Thy pure and purging Grace, to make it clean,
And sweep its nasty corners ; then I'll try
To wash it also with a weeping eye.
And when 'tis swept and wash'd, I then will
go
And with Thy leave I'll fetch some flowers that
grow
In thine own garden, Faith and Love, to Thee ;
With these I'll dress it up, and these shall be
My rosemary and bays. Yet when my best
Is done, the room's not fit for such a guest :
But here's the cure ; Thy presence, Lord, alone
Will make a stall a Court, a cratch a Throne.

LITANY

LAMB of God, my Saviour !
Explain before me
Thy matchless love, and by Thy grace procure me
A mind like Thine.

Thy humiliation
In leaving heaven,
In being poor, and to a stable driven,
Teach me to stoop.

Thy birth of a Virgin
Make me live chastely
Unspotted from the world, and manifestly
Sealed for the Lord.

Thy flight into Egypt
In such great danger
Teach me to be a pilgrim here and stranger
In every place.

Thine innocent childhood
And meek behaviour
Teach me to be a little child for ever
Before thy face.

Thy wondrous obedience
And true subjection
Unto Thy parents, melt to like affection
My stubborn heart.

Thy carpenter's labour,
Thy work and travel,
Daily preserve my handy-work from evil,
And bless my toil.

Thy goodwill to all men
By Thee created
Teach me to honour all and tender-hearted
Behave to all.

Thy forty days' fasting,
Thy self-denial,
Thy being sorely tried, in every trial
Deliver me.

Anon.

THE WAYS OF WISDOM

THESE sweeter far than lilies are,
No roses may with these compare :
How these excel
No tongue can tell,
Which he that well and truly knows
With praise and joy he goes !
How great and happy's he that knows his
ways
To be divine and heavenly joys ;
To whom each city is more brave
Than walls of pearl, and streets which gold doth
pave ;
Whose open eyes
Behold the skies,
Who loves their wealth and beauty more
Than kings love golden ore !

The "Ways of Blessedness" was printed in the former edition of this book among anonymous poems ; but Mr Dobell has traced the authorship to Traherne. The second piece is an extract from a much longer poem entitled "The Recovery." Traherne's poetry has some remarkable qualities, suggesting on one side Vaughan, on another Blake, and on another Norris of Bemerton. He plainly wrote with ease, and he writes at great length ; but he repeats his thoughts and his rhymes again and again. His central idea is that the whole universe was created for man's delight, and fails of its purpose if man is not delighted with it. Several of his poems

Who sees the heavenly ancient ways
 Of God the Lord, with joy and praise
 More than the skies ;
 With open eyes
 Doth prize them all ; yea, more than gems,
 And regal diadems ;
 That more esteemeth mountains, as they are,
 Than if they gold and silver were :
 To whom the sun more pleasure brings,
 Than crowns, and thrones, and palaces to kings ;

describe the joys of life, especially in innocent childhood, sometimes with quaint particularity. Thus :

New burnisht joys
 Which yellow gold and pearls excel !
 Such sacred treasure are the limbs in boys
 In which a soul doth dwell !
 Their organised joints and azure veins
 More wealth include than all the world contains.

Or, again :

The streets were paved with golden stones,
 The boys and girls were mine ;
 O how did all their lovely faces shine !
 The sons of men were holy ones ;
 In joy and beauty they appeared to me,
 And everything which here I found,
 While like an angel I did see,
 Adorned the ground.

Cursed and devised proprieties,
 With envy, avarice,
 And frauds, those frauds that spoil e'en Paradise,
 Fled from the splendour of mine eyes ;
 And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds,
 I dreamed not ought of those,
 But wandered over all men's grounds,
 And found repose.

That knows his ways
To be the joys
And way of God. These things who knows
With joy and praise he goes !

GOD'S LOVE AND MAN'S

HE seeks for ours as we do seek for His ;
Nay, O my soul, ours is far more His
 bliss
Than His is ours ; at least it so doth seem
Both in His own and our esteem.

His earnest love, His infinite desires,
His living, endless, and devouring fires,
Do rage in thirst, and fervently require
A love 'tis strange it should desire.

We cold and careless are, and scarcely think
Upon the glorious spring whereat we drink.
Did He not love us we could be content :
We wretches are indifferent !

'Tis death, my soul, to be indifferent ;
Set forth thyself unto thy whole extent,
And all the glory of His passion prize,
Who for thee lives, Who for thee dies.
Thomas Traherne.

AN ODE

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison.

A SIGHT OF HEAVEN IN SICKNESS

OFT have I sat in secret sighs
To feel my flesh decay ;
Then groan'd aloud with frightened eyes
To view the tott'ring clay.

But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain,
Diseases bring their profit too,
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here, and sings ;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.

The shines of heaven rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws ;
Visions of endless bliss are seen
And native air she draws.

Dr Isaac Watts, the celebrated Nonconformist divine, suffered all his life from infirm health, so that there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of these certainly beautiful verses. This and another on a kindred subject, called "Happy Frailty," are much the best of his "Lyric Poems," which are to our modern taste intolerable for the most part. His fame, however, rests securely on his hymns, the best of which, "O God, our help in ages past," and "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," are among the best in the language.

O may these walls stand tott'ring still,
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose.

Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till, glad to see th' enlargèd way,
I stretch my pinions through.

HAD I a glance of Thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon ;
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity begone ;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Isaac Watts.

THE DESPONDING SOUL'S WISH

MY spirit longeth for Thee,
Within my troubled breast,
Altho' I be unworthy
Of so divine a Guest.

Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy tho' I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee.

Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around ;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found,
But in Thy blessèd love ;
O ! let my wish be crown'd,
And send it from above !

John Byrom, famous in his day as the inventor of a system of shorthand, is now remembered as the friend of William Law, whose periods it delighted him to turn into doggerel verse ; and still better as the author of several epigrams, notably those on the King and Pretender, and Handel and Buononcini. His poems were published in 1773, and his very interesting diary was edited for the Chetham Society in 1854. The well-known hymn, "Christians, awake," is shortened from a poem of his.

THE ANSWER

CHEER up, desponding Soul,
Thy longing pleased I see ;
'Tis part of that great whole,
Wherewith I longed for thee.

Wherewith I longed for thee,
And left my Father's throne ;
From death to set thee free,
To claim thee for My own.

To claim thee for My own,
I suffered on the cross :
Oh, were My love but known,
No soul could fear its loss.

No soul could fear its loss,
But filled with love divine,
Would die on its own cross,
And rise for ever Mine.

THE SOUL'S TENDENCY TOWARDS
ITS TRUE CENTRE

STONES towards the earth descend ;
Rivers to the ocean roll ;
Every motion has some end :
What is thine, beloved soul ?

Mine is where my Saviour is ;
There with Him I hope to dwell ;
Jesu is the central bliss ;
Love the force that doth impel.

Truly thou hast answered right :
Now may heaven's attractive grace
Towards the source of thy delight
Speed along thy quickening pace !

DIVINE EPIGRAMS

I

NO faith towards God can e'er subsist with
wrath
Towards man, nor charity with want of faith ;
From the same root hath each of them its growth ;
You have not either if you have not both.

II

Think, and be careful what thou art within ;
For there is sin in the desire of sin :
Think, and be thankful, in a different case :
For there is grace in the desire of grace.

III

Let thy repentance be without delay—
If thou defer it to another day,
Thou must repent for a day more of sin,
While a day less remains to do it in.

IV

*Hath not the potter power to make his clay
Just what he pleases? Well, and tell me, pray,
What kind of potter must we think a man
Who does not make the best of it he can?
Who making some fine vessels of his clay
To show his power, throws all the rest away,
Which, in itself, was equally as fine?
What an idea this of Power divine!*

John Byrom.

WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee ;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare ;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name ;
Look on Thy hands and read it there !
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy love unfold.

Charles Wesley wrote in his lifetime over 6000 hymns for the Methodist Society, to form "a body of experimental and practical divinity." Among these, "Jesu, lover of my soul," is by far the best, and in its own kind may claim to be the best hymn in the language. Others almost equally popular are his Christmas hymn, "Hark, how all the welkin rings," and "Come, let us join our friends above," which, however, usually appear in modern hymnals as "Hark, the herald angels sing," and "Let saints on earth in concert sing."

The poem on "Wrestling Jacob," here given, was said by Watts to be "worth all the verses which he had ever written."

Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell :
To know it now resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain ;
When I am weak, then I am strong :
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

My strength is gone ; my nature dies ;
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand ;
Faint to revive, and fall to rise ;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand :
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer !
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me, if Thy Name is Love ?

'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou died'st for me
I hear Thy whisper in my heart !

The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure universal Love Thou art !
To me, to all, Thy bowels move ;
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love !

My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live :
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art ;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend !
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end !
Thy mercies never shall remove—
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love !

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in His wings ;
Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succour brings ;
My help is all laid up above ;
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end ;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend ;
Nor have I power from thee to move ;
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

Charles Wesley.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

William Cowper became a poet at the suggestion of his friends, to relieve a melancholic mind from feeding upon itself. At the suggestion of the Rev. John Newton, the curate of Olney in Buckinghamshire, he co-operated with him in writing hymns for the church there. The sweetest of Cowper's, "Hark, my soul," is too well known to quote ; but two others of the collection, which are rather poems than hymns are here given. For the rest, his verse, though often serious, offers no material for a "Lyra Sacra."

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

THE CONTRITE HEART

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no.

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry, " My strength renew ! "
Seem weaker than before.

O make this heart rejoice or ache,
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break,—
And heal it if it be.

William Cowper.

FAITH

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,—
The shadows of celestial light,—
Are past the power of human skill,
But what the Eternal acts is right.

Oh, teach me in the trying hour
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

Thomas Chatterton came of a long line of sextons at St Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, and, having access to the muniment room, fell in love with antiquity. His first poems were pseudo-antiques, the so-called Rowley poems, which imposed on Horace Walpole. When he was eighteen, his indentures with an attorney were cancelled for some supposed irreverence, and he went to try his fortune in London. For four months he battled with the publishers and the public, and then took arsenic. Among his best pieces are some of the songs in "Aella." Except for the second line of the third stanza, the poem here given is remarkably inartificial; two stanzas are omitted before the last.

CHATTERTON 215

215

If in this bosom aught but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.
Thomas Chatterton.

THE PILGRIM

PILGRIM, burden'd with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate,
There, till Mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock!—He knows the sinner's cry :
Weep!—He loves the mourner's tears :
Watch!—for saving grace is nigh :
Wait—till heavenly light appears.

Hark ! it is the Bridegroom's voice ;
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest ;

The Rev. George Crabbe, the son of a salt-master at Aldeburgh, who at twenty-six went up to London to seek his fortune in literature, fared no less hardly there than Chatterton, but was older and had less of the pride of genius. After repulses in high quarters where he had solicited patronage, he appealed to Burke, who befriended him, and henceforth his life was a smooth one. He was a close observer of the Suffolk peasantry, and his "Tales from the Hall" are life-like studies of great power and pathos. The poem here given is from "Sir Eustace Grey." It is supposed to be a Methodist hymn, remembered in a madhouse, and Crabbe half apologises for it in a note: "The verses are not intended to make any religious persuasion appear ridiculous; though evidently enthusiastic in language, they are not meant to convey any impropriety of sentiment." Would that Crabbe had more often allowed himself in such

Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and seal'd, and bought, and blest !
Safe—from all the lures of vice,
Seal'd—by signs the chosen know,
Bought—by love and life the price,
Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

Holy pilgrim ! what for thee
In a world like this remain ?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain.
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame—from glory's view retire :
Doubt—in certain rapture die,
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

George Crabbe.

enthusiasm ! The lines appear to be modelled on a poem of Herbert's, " Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life."

THE NEW JERUSALEM

I

ENGLAND, awake ! awake ! awake !
Jerusalem thy sister calls !
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls ?

Thy hills and valleys felt her feet
Gently upon their bosoms move :
Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways ;
Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again :
Our souls exult ; and London's towers
Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers.

II

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green ?

William Blake offers less material to the religious anthologist than might be anticipated from the writer of so many prophetic books, owing partly to the cryptic style he too often employed, and partly to a few eccentricities of thought, which he again and again repeats, to the disfigurement of many fine poems. To those given in the text should perhaps have been added the well-known poem on the "Tiger" from the "Songs of Experience" and the

And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pasture seen?

And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear: O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

following from the "Songs of Innocence," "On Another's Sorrow," which, though almost infantile in expression, is none the less lovely:

"Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no; never can it be—
Never, never can it be.

And can He, who smiles on all,
Hear the wren, with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

I will not cease from mental fight,
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem
 In England's green and pleasant land.

THE TWO SONGS

I HEARD an Angel singing
 When the day was springing :
 "Mercy, pity, and peace
 Are the world's release."

And not sit beside the nest,
 Pouring pity on their breast ?
 And not sit the cradle near,
 Weeping tear on infant's tear ?

And not sit both night and day,
 Wiping all our tears away ?
 Oh no ! never can it be !
 Never, never can it be !

He doth give his joy to all ;
 He becomes an infant small ;
 He becomes a man of woe ;
 He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
 And thy Maker is not by :
 Think not thou canst weep a tear,
 And thy Maker is not near.

Oh, he gives to us His joy,
 That our grief he may destroy ;
 Till our grief is fled and gone,
 He doth sit by us and moan."

So he sang all day
Over the new-mown hay,
Till the sun went down,
And haycocks looked brown.

I heard a devil curse
Over the heath and the furse :
“ Mercy could be no more
If there were nobody poor,
And pity no more could be
If all were happy as ye:
And mutual fear brings peace.
Misery's increase
Are mercy, pity, peace.”
At his curse the sun went down,
And the heavens gave a frown.

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE

*To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower ;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.*

A ROBIN REDBREAST in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage ;
A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.
Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the last judgment draweth nigh.

He who respects the infant's faith
 Triumphs over hell and death.
 He who shall teach the child to doubt
 The rotting grave shall ne'er get out.
 He who replies to words of doubt
 Doth put the light of knowledge out ;
 A puddle, or the cricket's cry
 Is to doubt a fit reply.

Every night and every morn
 Some to misery are born ;
 Every morn and every night
 Some are born to sweet delight.
 Joy and woe are woven fine,
 A clothing for the soul divine ;
 Under every grief and pine
 Runs a joy with silken twine.

God appears, and God is light
 To those poor souls who dwell in night ;
 But doth a human form display
 To those who dwell in realms of day.

DIVINE EPIGRAMS

I

A TEAR is an intellectual thing,
 And a sigh is the sword of an angel king,
 And the bitter groan of a martyr's woe
 Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.

II

I was angry with my friend :
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe :
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

III

Mutual forgiveness of each vice
Such are the gates of paradise. ,

IV

The door of death is made of gold
That mortal eyes can not behold ;
But when the mortal eyes are closed,
And cold and pale the limbs reposed,
The soul awakes, and wondering sees
In her mild hand the golden keys.
William Blake.

ODE TO DUTY

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God,
O Duty ! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe,
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
Who do thy work ; and know it not :

It has seemed better to select from Wordsworth the earlier and more general religious poems, which are certainly poetical, rather than the later and more dogmatic, such as, "The Primrose of the Rock," "Inscriptions in a Hermit's Cell," or some of the Ecclesiastical sonnets. From the great "Ode" it seemed allowable to extract the two parts which form its pith. The editor may be pardoned for pointing out to his younger readers that the opening lines on page 232 are to be paraphrased: "O, joy that there is still some life in our embers, namely, the *remembrance* of the departed glory." In explanation of the passage that follows, Wordsworth himself may be heard: "Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable

Long may the kindly impulse last !
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to
stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their
need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust ;

to my own being. It was not so much from feelings of animal vivacity that my difficulty came, as from a sense of the indomitableness of the Spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated in something of the same way to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw, as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and

And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I
 may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control;
 But in the quietness of thought:
 Me this unchartered freedom tires;
 I feel the weight of chance-desires:
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Law-giver! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face:
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
 And the most ancient heavens, through thee,
 are fresh and strong.

have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed
 in the lines—

‘Obstinate questionings,’ etc.”

It will be understood that the two *but*s in the lines
 “But for those obstinate questionings” and “But
 for those first affections” are co-ordinate, both de-
 pending on the “Not for these I raise” which, con-
 sidering the line above, “for that which is *most worthy*
to be blest,” we may be bold to construe “Not *only* for
 these I raise,”

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee ; I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh, let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me
live !

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURE

THESE beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been
to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's eye ;
But oft in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less I trust
To them I may have owed another gift
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight

Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
 And even the motion of our human blood,
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul :
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

.

I have learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

AN EVENING VOLUNTARY

NOT in the lucid intervals of life
That come but as a curse to party strife ;
Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh
Of languor puts his rosy garland by ;
Not in the breathing-times of that poor slave
Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave—
Is Nature felt, or can be ; nor do words,
Which practised talent readily affords,
Prove that her hand has touched responsive
chords ;
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
With genuine rapture and with fervent love
The soul of genius, if he dare to take
Life's rule from passion craved for passion's
sake ;
Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent
Of all the truly great and all the innocent.

But who *is* innocent ? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature, we are thine,
Through good and evil thine, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy.
To all that earth from pensive hearts is stealing,
And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,
Add every charm the universe can show
Through every change its aspects undergo ;
Care may be respited, but not repealed ;
No perfect cure grows on that bounded field.
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,
If He, through whom alone our conflicts cease,

Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,
 Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance;
 To the distempered Intellect refuse
 His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

MY heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky:
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The child is father of the man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
 The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
 Listen: the mighty Being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
 Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me
 here,
 If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
 And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

WRITTEN IN KING'S COLLEGE
CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

TAX not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the architect who
planned,

Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only, this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the
lore

Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof,
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music
dwells,

Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth
proof

That they were born for immortality.

TRUTH AND CHANGE

TRUTH fails not; but her outward forms
that bear

The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime

Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

CHILDHOOD AND AGE

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar :
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy ;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest ;
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.
O joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth
breed

Perpetual benediction : not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blest—

Delight and liberty, the simple creed

Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,

With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
breast :—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings ;

Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realised,

High instincts before which our mortal nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,

To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

William Wordsworth.

THE NATIVITY

SHE gave with joy her virgin breast ;
She hid it not, she bared the breast
Which suckled that divinest babe !
Blessed, blessed, were the breasts
Which the Saviour infant kissed ;
And blessed, blessed was the mother,
Who wrapped His limbs in swaddling clothes,
Singing placed Him on her lap,
Hung o'er Him with her looks of love,
And soothed Him with a lulling motion.
Blessed, for she sheltered Him
From the damp and chilling air ;
Blessed, blessed for she lay
With such a babe in one blest bed,
Close as babes and mothers lie.
Blessed, blessed evermore,
With her virgin lips she kiss'd,
With her arms and to her breast
She embraced the babe divine,
Her babe divine the virgin mother !

It is no less true of Coleridge than of Wordsworth, that he is commonly most religious when he makes least effort to be so, besides being far more poetical. Accordingly, the editor has preferred the poem "To his Child," extracted from "Frost at Midnight," and the fragment taken from the "Ode to Joy," before the "Religious Musings" and the "Ode in the Vale of Chamouni."

There lives not on this ring of earth
A mortal that can sing her praise.
Mighty mother, virgin pure,
In the darkness and the night,
For us she bore the heavenly Lord.

TO HIS CHILD

DEAR babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep
calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought ;
My babe so beautiful, it thrills my heart
With tender gladness thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes ! For I was reared
In the great city, pent mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags : so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in Himself.
Great universal Teacher, He shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.
Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,

Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-
drops fall

Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

ON HIS BAPTISMAL BIRTHDAY

GOD'S child in Christ adopted, — Christ
my all—

What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply
rather

Than forfeit that blessed name, by which I call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?
Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee,
Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.

The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death;
In Christ I live! in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life! Let then earth, sea, and sky
Make war against me; on my front I show
Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe.

Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?

Yes, but not his—'Tis Death itself there dies.

JOY

MY genial spirits fail ;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my
breast ?
It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west :
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are
within.

O Lady ! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live :
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud !
And would we ought behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah, from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be !
What, and wherein it doth exist
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,

This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady! joy that ne'er was given
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and life's effluence, cloud at once and
shower;

Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,

A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—

We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

PRAISE

I PRAISED the Earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the Sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say
“ Our beauties are but for a day.”

I praised the Sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the Moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky :—
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
“ Our days of light are number'd ! ”

O God ! O Good beyond compare !
If thus Thy meaner works are fair ;
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man ;
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee !
Reginald Heber.

THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH

“**T**HE just shall live by faith,”—and why?
That faith

By which they live is all that makes them just,
The sole antagonist to the inborn lust
And malice that subjects them to the death
Which Adam earn'd, Cain, Abel suffered, Seth
Bequeath'd to all his progeny; who must
Suffer the primal doom of dust to dust,
And for uncertain respite hold their breath.
Think not the faith by which the just shall live
Is a dead creed, a map correct of heaven,
Far less a feeling fond and fugitive,
A thoughtless gift, withdrawn as soon as given.
It is an affirmation and an act
That bids eternal truth be present fact.

PRAYER

THERE is an awful quiet in the air,
And the sad earth, with moist imploring eye,
Looks wide and wakeful at the pondering sky,
Like Patience slow subsiding to Despair.
But see, the blue smoke, as a voiceless prayer,

Hartley Coleridge, eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who, with his father's weakness of will

Sole witness of a secret sacrifice,
 Unfolds its tardy wreaths, and multiplies
 Its soft chameleon breathings in the rare
 Capacious ether,—so it fades away,
 And nought is seen beneath the pendent blue,
 The undistinguishable waste of day.
 So have I dreamed!—oh, may the dream be
 true!—
 That praying souls are purged from mortal hue,
 And grow as pure as He to whom they pray.

II

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
 Pray, if thou canst, with hope ; but ever pray,
 Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay ;
 Pray in the darkness if there be no light.
 Far is the time, remote from human sight,
 When war and discord on the earth shall cease ;
 Yet every prayer for universal peace
 Avails the blessed time to expedite.
 What'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
 Though it be what thou can'st not hope to see ;
 Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
 Forbid the Spirit so on earth to be ;
 But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
 Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

Hartley Coleridge.

inherited also some of his genius, lived most of his life in the Lake Country. Wordsworth's ode to him, at six years old, besides being a singularly beautiful poem, showed great insight into his character. His most successful poetical performances are the sonnets, which he wrote at a jet, without labour or polishing.

THE WINTER THRUSH

SWEET bird ! up earliest in the morn,
Up earliest in the year,
Far in the quiet mist are borne
Thy matins soft and clear.

As linnet soft, and clear as lark,
Well hast thou ta'en thy part,
Where many an ear thy notes may reach,
And here and there a heart.

The first snow wreaths are scarcely gone,
(They stayed but half a day,)
The berries bright hang ling'ring on,
Yet thou hast learnt thy lay.

One gleam, one gale of western air,
Has hardly brushed thy wing ;
Yet thou hast given thy welcome fair,
Good-morrow to the spring !

Perhaps within thy carol's sound
Some wakeful mourner lies,

“The Winter Thrush” and the “Watch by Night”
are from the “*Lyra Apostolica*.”

As the “Christian Year” is well known to all
readers of religious verse, the editor has felt at
liberty to print a collection of “beauties” which
might escape notice, rather than complete poems.
The unrhymed ode at the end seems to reach Keble's
high-water mark.

Dim roaming days and years around,
That ne'er again may rise.

He thanks thee with a tearful eye,
For thou hast winged his spright
Back to some hour when hopes were nigh
And dearest friends in sight ;

That single fearless note of thine
Has pierced the cloud of care,
And lit awhile the gleam divine
That blessed his infant prayer ;

Ere he had known, his faith to blight,
The scorner's withering smile,
While hearts, he deemed, beat true and right
Here in our Christian Isle.

That sunny morning glimpse is gone,
That morning note is still ;
The dun dark day comes lowering on,
The spoilers roam at will ;

Yet calmly rise, and boldly shrive ;
The sweet bird's early song
Ere evening fall shall oft revive,
And cheer thee all day long.

Are we not sworn to serve our King ?
He sworn with us to be ?
The birds that chant before the spring
Are truer far than we.

THE WATCH BY NIGHT

THE Ark of God is in the field,
Like clouds around the alien armies sweep;
Each by his spear, beneath his shield,
In cold and dew the anointed warriors sleep.

And can it be thou liest awake,
Swornwatchman, tossing on thy couch of down?
And doth thy recreant heart not ache
To hear the sentries round the leaguered town?

Oh dream no more of quiet life;
Care finds the careless out; more wise to vow
Thine heart entire to Faith's pure strife;
So peace will come thou know'st not when or
how.

HOLY BAPTISM

O HAPPY arms where cradled lies,
And ready for the Lord's embrace,
That precious sacrifice,
The darling of His grace!

Blest eyes, that see the smiling gleam
Upon the slumbering features glow,
When the life-giving stream
Touches the tender brow,

Or, when the holy cross is sign'd
And the young soldier duly sworn,
With true and fearless mind,
To serve the Virgin-born.

But happiest ye, who, sealed and blest,
Back to your arms your treasure take,
With Jesus' mark impressed,
To nurse for Jesus' sake.

By whom Love's daily touch is seen,
In strengthening form and freshening hue,
In the fix'd brow serene,
The deep yet eager view.

O tender gem, and full of heaven !
Not in the twilight stars on high,
Not in moist flowers at even,
See we our God so nigh.

ANGELS AND CHILDREN

HEAVEN in the depth and height is seen,
On high among the stars, and low
In deep, clear waters ; all between
Is earth and tastes of earth : even so
The Almighty One draws near
To strongest seraphs there, to weakest infants
here.

And both are robed in white, and both
On evil look unharmed, and wear
A ray so pure, ill powers are loth
To linger in the keen bright air.
As angels wait in joy
On saints, so on the old the duteous-hearted
boy.

God's angels keep the eternal round
Of praise on high, and never tire ;
His lambs are in His temple found
Early, with all their heart's desire.
They boast not to be free,
They grudge not to their Lord meek ear and
bended knee.

O well and wisely wrought of old,
Nor without guide, be sure, who first
Did cherub forms as infants mould,
And lift them where the full deep burst
Of awful harmony
Might need them most, to waft it onward to
the sky.

THE WATERFALL

MARK how, a thousand streams in one,
One in a thousand, on they fare ;
Now flashing to the sun,
Now still as beast in lair.

Now round the rock, now mounting o'er,
In lawless dance they win their way;
Still seeming more and more
To swell as we survey.

They win their way, and find their rest
Together in their ocean home;
From East and weary West,
From North and South they come

They rush and roar, they whirl and leap,
Not wilder drives the wintry storm;
Yet a strong law they keep,
Strange powers their course inform.

Even so the mighty sky-born stream:—
Its living waters from above
All marred and broken seem,
No union and no love.

Yet in dim caves they haply blend,
In dreams of mortals unespied;
One is their awful End,
One their unfailing Guide.

THE VOICE OF NATURE ✓

SIN is with man at morning break,
And through the livelong day
Deafens the ear that fain would wake
To Nature's simple lay

But when eve's silent footfall steals
Along the eastern sky,
And one by one to earth reveals
Those purer fires on high,

When one by one each human sound
Dies on the awful ear,
Then Nature's voice no more is drown'd,
She speaks, and we must hear.

Then pours she on the Christian heart
That warning still and deep,
At which high spirits of old would start
Even from their Pagan sleep,

Just guessing, through their murky blind
Few, faint, and baffling sight,
Streaks of a brighter heaven behind,
A cloudless depth of light.

PREVENIENT GRACE

DRAW near as early as we may,
Grace, like an angel, goes before ;
The stone is roll'd away,
We find an open door.

O wondrous chain ! where aye entwine
Our human wills, a tender thread,
With the strong will divine ;
We run as we are led.

We, did I say? 'tis all Thine own,
Thou in the dark dost Mary guide;
Thine angel moves the stone,
Love feels Thee at her side.

LONELINESS

WHY should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heav'n has willed,
we die;
Not e'en the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh.

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart;
Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow,
Hues of their own, fresh borrow'd from the
heart.

SOWING AND REAPING

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them
more:
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet :

 We count them ever past,

 But they shall last.

 In the dread judgment they

 And we shall meet.

THE POWER OF PRAYER

THINK ye the spires that glow so bright,
In front of yonder setting sun,
Stand by their own unshaken might ?

 No—where th' upholding grace is won

We dare not ask, nor Heaven would tell ;

But sure from many a hidden dell,

From many a rural nook unthought of there,

Rises for that proud world the saints' prevailing
 prayer.

PENANCE

HOW welcome, in the sweet still hour,
Falls on the weary heart,

 Listening apart,

Each rustling note from breeze and bower ;

 The mimic rain 'mid poplar leaves,

 The mist-drops from the o'erloaded eaves,

 Sighs that the herd half-dreaming heaves,

Or owlet chanting his dim part ;

Or trickling of imprison'd rill
 Heard faintly down some pastoral hill,
 His pledge, who rules the froward will
 With more than kingly power, with more than
 wizard art.
 But never mourner's ear so keen
 Watch'd for the soothing sounds
 That walk their rounds
 Upon the moonlight air serene,
 As the bright sentinels on high
 Stoop to receive each contrite sigh
 When the hot world hath hurried by,
 And souls have time to feel their wounds.
 Nor ever tenderest bosom beat
 So truly to the noiseless feet
 Of shadows that from light clouds fleet,
 Where Ocean gently rocks within his summer
 bounds,
 As saints around the Glory-Throne
 To each faint sigh respond
 And yearning fond
 Of penitents that inly moan.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

THE deep knell dying down, the mourners
 pause,
 Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate;
 Sure with the words of Heaven
 Thy Spirit met us there,

And sought with us along the accustom'd way
The hallow'd porch, and entering in beheld
 The pageant of sad joy
 So dear to Faith and Hope.

O hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise
To cheer us, happy soul, thou hadst not touched
 The sacred springs of grief
 More tenderly and true,

Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and
 low,
Low as the grave, high as th' Eternal Throne;
 Guiding through light and gloom
 Our mourning fancies wild,

Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve
Around the western twilight, all subside
 Into a placid faith,
 That even with beaming eye

Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier, and pall,
(So many relics of a frail love lost),
 So many tokens dear
 Of endless love begun.

John Keble.

DE PROFUNDIS

O FATHER, in that hour
When Earth all succouring power
Shall disavow ;
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down ;
Sustain us Thou !

By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away ;
Aid us, O God !

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

Mrs Hemans, *née* Browne, is remembered now chiefly by one or two lyrics such as "The Better Land," and "The Homes of England," which have been set to music. She was a very fluent writer, and wrote with genuine feeling, but her style and sentiment are now old-fashioned.

THE ELEMENTS

A TRAGIC CHORUS

MAN is permitted much
To scan and learn
In Nature's frame ;
Till he well-nigh can tame
Brute mischiefs, and can touch
Invisible things, and turn
All warring ills to purposes of good.
Thus as a God below
He can control
And harmonise what seems amiss to flow,
As severed from the whole
And dimly understood.

But o'er the elements
One Hand alone
One Hand has sway.
What influence day by day

Most of Newman's poems previous to the "Dream of Gerontius" were written on a voyage to the Mediterranean in 1833 in company with Hurrell Froude. They appeared under the title of "Lyra Apostolica" in the British Magazine with poems by Keble, Froude, and a few other writers, and were afterwards collected into a volume bearing the same name. An edition with an introduction by Canon H. S. Holland, and a critical note by the present editor, has appeared in the "Library of Devotion" (Methuen). One of the most beautiful of Newman's poems, which is too

In straiter belt prevents
 The impious Ocean, thrown
 Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore?
 Or who has eye to trace
 How the Plague came?
 Fore-run the doublings of the Tempest's race?
 Or the Air's weight and flame
 On a set scale explore?

Thus God has willed
 That man when fully skilled
 Still gropes in twilight dim;
 Encompassed all his hours
 By fearfullest powers
 Inflexible to him;

personal to take its place in a "Lyra Sacra," may be quoted here. It refers to the comfort he received when sick and weary at Palermo by frequenting the Roman churches.

O that thy creed were sound!
 For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
 By thy unwearied watch and varied round
 Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home.
 I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,
 But the wide porch invites to still retreats,
 Where passion's thirst is calmed, and care's unthank-
 ful gloom.

There on a foreign shore
 The home-sick solitary finds a friend:
 Thoughts, prisoned long for lack of speech, outpour
 Their tears; and doubts in resignation end.
 I almost fainted from the long delay
 That tangles me within this languid bay,
 When comes a foe, my wounds with oil and wine
 to tend.

That so he may discern
His feebleness,
And even for earth's success
To Him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the keys of either home,
Earth and the world to come.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling
gloom,

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone ;

And with the morn those Angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

DEEDS NOT WORDS

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

CHASTISEMENT

LORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice
First quickened love divine;
I am all Thine,—Thy care and choice,
My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence
In childhood frail I trace,
For blessings given ere dawning sense
Could seek or scan Thy grace;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,
 Bright dreams, and fancyings strange ;
 Blessings, when reason's awful power
 Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my door
 Unasked, unhopèd, have come ;
 And, choicer still, a countless store
 Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
 I shrine those seasons sad,
 When looking up I saw Thy face,
 In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
 Heart-pang, or throbbing brow ;
 Sweet was the chastisement severe,
 And sweet its memory now.

Yes, let the fragrant scars abide,
 Love-tokens in Thy stead,
 Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side,
 And thorn-encompassed head.

And such Thy tender force be still
 When self would swerve or stray ;
 Shaping to Truth the froward will,
 Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove
 The lure of power or name ;
 Hope thrives in straits, in weakness Love,
 And Faith in this world's shame.

SEPARATION OF FRIENDS

DO not their souls, who 'neath the altar wait
 Until their second birth,
 The gift of patience need, as separate
 From their first friends of earth ?
 Not that earth's blessings are not all out-shone
 By Eden's angel flame,
 But that earth knows not yet, the Dead has won
 That crown which was his aim.
 For when he left it, 'twas a twilight scene
 About his silent bier,
 A breathless struggle, faith and sight between,
 And Hope and sacred Fear.
 Fear startled at his pains and dreary end,
 Hope raised her chalice high,
 And the twin-sisters still his shade attend,
 View'd in the mourner's eye.
 So day by day for him from earth ascends,
 As dew in summer even,
 The speechless intercession of his friends,
 Toward the azure heaven.

Ah ! dearest, with a word he could dispel
 All questioning, and raise
 Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
 And turning prayer to praise.

And other secrets too he could declare,
By patterns all divine,
His earthly creed retouching here and there,
And deepening every line.
Dearest ! he longs to speak, as I to know,
And yet we both refrain :
It were not good : a little doubt below,
And all will soon be plain.

A VOICE FROM 'AFAR

WEEP not for me :—
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free !
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends ;
Nor miss my face, dear friends !

I still am near ;—
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
Now too I hear
Of whisper'd sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers, and musings sweet.

A sea before
The Throne is spread :—its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.

WAITING FOR THE MORNING

THEY are at rest :

We may not stir the heaven of their repose
With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,
Or selfish plaint for those
Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river as it hurries by.

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale ;
But they at eddying pool or current deep
Shall never more grow pale ;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream
shall flow.

And soothing sounds
Blend with the neighbouring waters as they
glide ;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds
Angelic forms abide,
Echoing as words of watch, o'er lawn and
grove,
The verses of that hymn which seraphs chant
above.

John Henry Newman.

NEW AND OLD SELF

NEW SELF

WHY sitt'st thou on that sea-girt rock
With downward look and sadly dreaming
eye :
Play'st thou beneath with Proteus' flock,
Or with the far-bound sea-bird wouldst thou
fly ?

OLD SELF

I sit upon this sea-girt rock
With downward look and dreaming eye ;
But neither do I sport with Proteus' flock,
Nor with the far-bound sea-bird would I fly.
I list the splash so clear and chill
Of yon old fisher's solitary oar :
I watch the waves that rippling still
Chase one another o'er the marble shore.

NEW SELF

Yet from the splash of yonder oar
No dreamy sound of sadness comes to me :
And yon fresh waves that beat the shore,
How merrily they splash, how merrily !

The Rev. R. H. Froude, elder brother of the historian, J. A. Froude, was one of the pioneers of the Oxford movement. He died aged 33 years, of consumption. It was owing to his ill-health that the voyage was undertaken to Italy, on which Newman accompanied him, and to which we owe the "*Lyra Apostolica*."

OLD SELF

I mourn for the delicious days,
 When those calm sounds fell on my childish ear,
 A stranger yet to the wild ways
 Of triumph and remorse, of hope and fear.

NEW SELF

Mourn'st thou, poor soul ! and wouldst thou
 yet
 Call back the things which shall not, cannot be ?
 Heaven must be won, not dreamed ; thy task
 is set,
 Peace was not made for earth, nor rest for thee.*

WEAKNESS OF NATURE

“ Be strong and He shall comfort thine heart.”

“ **L**ORD, I have fasted, I have prayed
 And sackcloth has my girdle been,
 To purge my soul I have essayed
 With hunger blank and vigil keen ;
 O God of Mercy ! why am I
 Still haunted by the self I fly ? ”

Sackcloth is a girdle good,
 O bind it round thee still :

* Haec memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin,
 Ex illo Corydon Corydon est tempore nobis.

Fasting, it is Angel's food
And Jesus loved the night-air chill ;
Yet think not prayer and fast were given
To make one step 'twixt earth and Heaven.*
Richard Hurrell Froude.

* Ephesians ii. 8.

WHEN up to nightly skies we gaze,
Where stars pursue their endless ways,
We think we see from earth's low clod
The wide and shining home of God.

But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or path where planets duly run,
Still heaven would spread above us far,
And earth remote would seem a star.

This earth with all its dust and tears
Is His no less than yonder spheres ;
And raindrops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamped by His immediate hand.

The rock, the wave, the little flower,—
All fed by streams of living power
That spring from one almighty will,—
Whate'er His thought conceives fulfil.

We view those halls of painted air,
And own Thy presence makes them fair ;
But nearer still to Thee, O Lord,
Is he whose thoughts with thine accord.

John Sterling.

The Rev. John Sterling was a brilliant Cambridge man who for a time became curate to Julius Hare at Hurstmonceaux. He will owe what fame he retains to Carlyle's life of him.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain ;

That dreary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past.
All in our Father's house at last.

For leave to include so large a selection from Archbishop Trench's poems, I am indebted to the generosity of his son, Mr A. Chenevix Trench.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this
Yet one word more—they only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forgo,

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessings, all with curses rife,
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

NOT Thou from us, O Lord, but we
Withdraw ourselves from Thee.

When we are dark and dead,
And Thou art covered with a cloud
Hanging before Thee, like a shroud,
So that our prayer can find no way,
Oh! teach us that we do not say,
“Where is *Thy* brightness fled?”

But that we search and try
What in ourselves has wrought this blame,

For thou remainest still the same,
But earth's own vapours earth may fill
With darkness and thick clouds, while still
The sun is in the sky.

LORD, many times I am aweary quite
Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity—
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate :
Take Thou my part against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things
perverse
We know of our own selves, they also knew :
Lord, Holy One ! if Thou who knowest worse
Shouldst loathe us too !

A GENIAL moment oft has given
What years of toil and pain,
Of long industrious toil, have striven
To win, and all in vain.

Yet count not, when thine end is won,
That labour merely lost ;
Nor say it had been wiser done
To spare the painful cost.

When heaped upon the altar lie
All things to feed the fire—
One spark alighting from on high,
The flames at once aspire ;

But those sweet gums and fragrant woods,
Its rich materials rare,
By tedious quest o'er lands and floods
Had first been gathered there.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING SOME BEAUTIFUL SING-
ING IN A CONVENT CHURCH AT ROME

SWEET voices ! seldom mortal ear
Strains of such potency might hear ;
My soul that listened seemed quite gone,
Dissolved in sweetness, and anon
I was borne upward, till I trod
Among the hierarchy of God.
And when they ceased, as time must bring
An end to every sweetest thing,
With what reluctancy came back
My spirits to their wonted track,
And how I loathed the common life,
The daily and recurring strife
With petty sins, the lowly road,
And being's ordinary load.
— Why, after such a solemn mood,
Should any meaner thought intrude ?

Why will not heaven hereafter give,
That we for evermore may live
Thus at our spirit's topmost bent ?
So asked I in my discontent.

But give me, Lord, a wiser heart ;
These seasons come, and they depart,
These seasons, and those higher still,
When we are given to have our fill
Of strength and life and joy with Thee,
And brightness of Thy face to see.
They come, or we could never guess
Of heaven's sublimer blessedness ;
They come, to be our strength and cheer
In other times, in doubt or fear,
Or should our solitary way
Lie through the desert many a day.
They go, they leave us blank and dead,
That we may learn, when they are fled,
We are but vapours which have won
A moment's brightness from the sun,
And which it may at pleasure fill
With splendour, or unclothe at will.
Well for us they do not abide,
Or we should lose ourselves in pride,
And be as angels—but as they
Who on the battlements of day
Walked, gazing on their power and might,
Till they grew giddy in their height.

Then welcome every nobler time,
When out of reach of earth's dull chime

'Tis ours to drink with purgèd ears
The music of the solemn spheres,
Or in the desert to have sight
Of those enchanted cities bright,
Which sensual eye can never see :
Thrice welcome may such seasons be :
But welcome too the common way,
The lowly duties of the day,
And all which makes and keeps us low,
Which teaches us ourselves to know,
That we who do our lineage high
Draw from beyond the starry sky,
Are yet upon the other side
To earth and to its dust allied.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

HONEY in the lion's mouth,
Emblem mystical, divine,
How the sweet and strong combine ;
Cloven rock for Israel's drouth ;
Treasure-house of golden grain,
By our Joseph laid in store,
In his brethren's famine sore
Freely to dispense again ;
Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece ;
Well from bitter changed to sweet ;
Shew-bread laid in order meet,
Bread whose cost doth not increase
Though no rain in April fall ;
Horeb's manna, freely given,

Showered in white dew from heaven,
Marvellous, angelical ;
Weightiest bunch of Canaan's vine ;
Cake to strengthen and sustain
Through long days of desert pain ;
Salem's Monarch's bread and wine ;—
Thou the antidote shalt be
Of my sickness and my sin,
Consolation, medicine,
Life and sacrament to me.

✓
PRAYER

WHEN prayer delights thee least, then learn
to say,
Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst
pray.

Crookèd and warped I am, and I would fain
Straighten myself by thy right line again.

O come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits ;
Pierce, genial showers, down to my parched
roots.

My well is bitter ; cast therein the tree,
That sweet henceforth its brackish waves may
be.

Say, what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed ?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying, who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God's own light.

White heat the iron in the furnace won ;
Withdrawn From thence, 'tis cold and hard
anon.

Flowers from their stalks divided presently
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.

The greenest leaf divided from its stem
To speedy withering doth itself condemn.

The largest river from its fountain head
Cut off leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.

All things that live from God their sustenance
wait,
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold,
When angel-hands from heaven are scattering
gold.

COUPLETS

TO halls of heavenly truth admission wouldst
thou win,
Oft Knowledge stands without, while Love
may enter in.

Who praises God the most, what says he more
than he

Who silent is? Yet who would therefore silent be?

From our ill-ordered hearts we oft are fain to
roam ;

As men go forth who find unquietness at home.

Before the eyes of men let duly shine thy light,
But ever let thy life's best part be out of sight.

My proud foe at my hands to take no boon will
choose—

Thy prayers are that one gift which he cannot
refuse.

Wouldst thou go forth to bless, be sure of thine
own ground ;

Fix well thy centre first, then draw thy circles
round.

The man is happy, Lord, who love like this
doth owe,

Loves Thee, his friend in Thee, and for Thy
sake his foe.

Why win we not at once what we in prayer require?
That we may learn great things as greatly to desire.

The tasks, the joys of earth, the same in heaven
will be ;

Only the little brook has widened to a sea.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

IMMORTALITY

I

MY own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is ;

This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty ; such as lurks
In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I ?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die ;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

II

Yet if some voice that man could trust
Should murmur from the narrow house,
" The cheeks drop in ; the body bows ;
Man dies : nor is there hope in dust : "

Might I not say? "Yet even here,
But for one hour, O Love, I strive
To keep so sweet a thing alive : "
But I shall turn mine ears and hear

The moanings of the homeless sea,
The sound of streams that swift or slow
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
The dust of continents to be ;

And Love would answer with a sigh,
" The sound of that forgetful shore
Will change my sweetness more and more,
Half-dead to know that I shall die."

O me, what profits it to put
An idle case? If Death were seen
At first as Death, Love had not been
Or been in narrowest working shut,

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape
Had bruised the herb and crush'd the grape,
And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

III

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?
An infant crying in the night :
An infant crying for the light :
And with no language but a cry.

IV

The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul ?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams ?
So careful of the type she seems
So careless of the single life ;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

v

"So careful of the type" ? but no
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone :
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me :
I bring to life, I bring to death :
The spirit does but mean the breath :
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

VI

That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness, whom we guess;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice, "believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the godless deep ;

A warmth within the breast would melt,
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear :
But that blind clamour made me wise ;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near ;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands ;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

WILL

I

O WELL for him whose will is strong !
He suffers, but he will not suffer long ;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong :
For him nor moves the loud world's random
mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound
Who seems a promontory of rock,

That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned.

II

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended
Will,

And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still !
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

ON A MOURNER

NATURE, so far as in her lies,
Imitates God, and turns her face
To every land beneath the skies,
Counts nothing that she meets with base,
But lives and loves in every place ;

Fills out the homely quickset-screens,
And makes the purple lilac ripe,
Steps from her airy hill, and greens
The swamp, where humm'd the dropping snipe,
With moss and braided marish-pipe ;

And on thy heart a finger lays,
Saying, "Beat quicker, for the time
Is pleasant, and the woods and ways
Are pleasant, and the beech and lime
Put forth and feel a gladder clime."

And murmurs of a deeper voice,
Going before to some far shrine,
Teach that sick heart the stronger choice,
Till all thy life one way incline,
With one wide will that closes thine.

And when the zoning eve has died
Where yon dark valleys wind forlorn,
Come Hope and Memory, spouse and bride,
From out the borders of the morn,
With that fair child betwixt them born.

And when no mortal motion jars
The blackness round the tombing sod,
Thro' silence and the trembling stars
Comes Faith from tracts no feet have trod,
And Virtue, like a household god

Promising empire ; such as those
Once heard at dead of night to greet
Troy's wandering prince, so that he rose
With sacrifice, while all the fleet
Had rest by stony hills of Crete.

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Alfred Lord Tennyson.

HEAVEN AND EARTH

GOD, who with thunders and great voices
 kept
 Beneath Thy throne, and stars most silver-paced
 Along the inferior gyres, and open-faced
 Melodious angels round,—canst intercept
 Music with music,—yet, at will, has swept
 All back, all back, (said he in Patmos placed)
 To fill the heavens with silence of the waste
 Which lasted half-an-hour! Lo I, who have
 wept
 All day and night, beseech Thee by my tears,
 And by that dread response of curse and groan
 Men alternate across these hemispheres,
 Vouchsafe us such a half-hour's hush alone,
 In compensation for our stormy years!
 As heaven has paused from song, let earth from
 moan.

WORK

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to
 toil;
 Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
 For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
 And Death's wild curfew shall from work assoil.
 God did anoint thee with His odorous oil

To wrestle, not to reign ; and He assigns
 All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
 For younger fellow-workers of the soil
 To wear for amulets. So others shall /
 Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
 From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave
 cheer ;
 And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
 The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
 And share its dewdrop with another near.

BEREAVEMENT

WHEN some belovèds, 'neath whose eyelids
 lay
 The sweet lights of my childhood, one by one
 Did leave me dark before the natural sun,
 And I astonied fell and could not pray,
 A thought within me to myself did say,
 "Is God less God, that *thou* art left undone ?
 Rise, worship, bless Him, in this sackcloth spun,
 As in that purple ! " But I answered, Nay !
 What child his filial heart in words can loose,
 If he behold his tender father raise
 The hand that chastens sorely ? Can he choose
 But sob in silence with an upward gaze ?
 And my great Father, thinking fit to bruise,
 Discerns in speechless tears both prayer and
 praise.

SUBSTITUTION

WHEN some beloved voice, that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's
sigh,

Not reason's subtle count; not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew;
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress
trees

To the clear moon! nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted, nor the angels' sweet All hail,
Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.
Speak Thou, availing Christ! and fill this pause!

THE PROSPECT

METHINKS we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's
stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view;
And thus, alas! since God the Maker drew
A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,
The life beyond us, and our souls in pain,

We miss the prospect which we are called unto,
By grief we are fools to use. Be still and strong,
O man, my brother, hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from
wrong,

That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

I

I

I

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

A PICTURE BY GUERCINO AT FANO

DEAR and great Angel, wouldst thou only
leave

That child, when thou hast done with him,
for me !

Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find performed thy special ministry,
And time come for departure, thou, suspending
Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,
Another still to quiet and retrieve.

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
From where thou standest now, to where I
gaze.

—And suddenly my head is covered o'er
With those wings, white above the child who
prays

Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world ; for me discarding
Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its
door.

I would not look up thither past thy head
Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
Thou bird of God ! And wilt thou bend
me low

Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garment's
spread ?

If this was ever granted, I would rest
My head beneath thine, while thy healing
hands
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
Pressing the brain, which too much thought
expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy and suppressed.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired !
I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it ! All is beauty :
And knowing this is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared ?

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
" Praise God ! " sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well ;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever at each period,
He stopped and sang, " Praise God."

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, " Well done ;
" I doubt not thou art heard, my son :

" As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

" This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's Dome."

Said Theocrite, " Would God that I
Might praise him that great way, and die ! "

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, " Nor day, nor night,
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth ;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well ;

And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy to youth he grew :
The man put off the stripling's hue :

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay :

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And lived on earth content.

(He did God's will ; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, " A praise is in my ear ;
There is no doubt in it, no fear ;

" So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

" Clearer loves sound other ways ;
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter day ; he flew to Rome,
And paused above St Peter's Dome.

In the tiring room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope Theocrite :

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed ;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer :

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell
And set thee here : I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year,

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped !

"Go back and praise again,
The early way, while I remain,

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ :
Resume the craftsman and the boy ! "

Theocrite grew old at home ;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's Dome

One vanished as the other died :
They sought God side by side.

THE CREATOR'S JOY

THE centre-fire heaves underneath the earth,
And the earth changes like a human face ;
The molten ore bursts up among the rocks,
Winds into the stone's heart, outbranches bright
In hidden mines, spots barren river-beds,
Crumbles into fine sand where sunbeams bask—
God joys therein. The wroth sea's waves are
edged

With foam, white as the bitten lip of hate,
When, in the solitary waste, strange groups
Of young volcanoes come up, Cyclops-like,
Staring together with their eyes on flame—
God tastes a pleasure in their uncouth pride.
Then all is still ; earth is a wintry clod :
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes
Over its breast to waken it, rare verdure
Buds tenderly upon rough banks, between
The withered tree-roots and the cracks of frost,
Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face ;
The grass grows bright, the boughs are swollen
with blooms

Like chrysalids impatient for the air ;
The shining dorrs are busy, beetles run
Along the furrows, ants make their ado ;
Above, birds fly in merry flocks, the lark
Soars up and up, shivering for very joy ;
Afar the ocean sleeps ; white fishing gulls

“The Creator's Joy” is a passage from “Paracelsus.”

where the strand is purple with its tribe
pestered limpets ; savage creatures seek
his loves in wood and plain—and God renews
ancient rapture.

Robert Browning.

THE SORROWFUL WORLD

I HEARD the wild beasts in the woods complain ;
Some slept, while others wakened to sustain
Through night and day the sad monotonous
round,
Half savage and half pitiful the sound.

The outcry rose to God through all the air,
The worship of distress, an animal prayer,
Loud vehement pleadings, not unlike to those
Job uttered in his agony of woes.

The very pauses, when they came, were rife
With sickening sounds of too successful strife,
As, when the clash of battle dies away,
The groans of night succeed the shrieks of day.

Man's scent the untamed creatures scarce can
bear,
As if his tainted blood defiled the air ;
In the vast woods they fret as in a cage,
Or fly in fear, or gnash their teeth with rage.

Faber, son of the vicar of Calverley, Yorks., and himself for three years Rector of Elton, Huntingdonshire, followed Newman to Rome in 1845. He founded the branch of Oratorians in London, now settled at Brompton. His hymns are among the most popular in current collections.

The beasts of burden linger on their way,
Like slaves who will not speak when they obey ;
Their faces, when their looks to us they raise,
With something of reproachful patience gaze.

All creatures round us seem to disapprove ;
Their eyes discomfort us with lack of love ;
Our very rights, with signs like these alloyed,
Not without sad misgivings are enjoyed.

Earth seems to make a sound in places lone,
Sleeps through the day, but wakes at night to
 moan,
Shunning our confidence, as if we were
A guilty burden it could hardly bear.

The winds can never sing but they must wail ;
Waters lift up sad voices in the vale ;
One mountain-hollow to another calls
With broken cries of plaining waterfalls.

Silence itself is but a heaviness,
As if the earth were fainting in distress,
Like one who wakes at night in panic fears,
And nought but his own beating pulses hears.

Inanimate things can rise into despair ;
And, when the thunders bellow in the air
Amid the mountains, Earth sends forth a cry
Like dying monsters in their agony.

The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,
Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan :

Lakes on the calmest days are ever throbbing
Upon their pebbly shores with petulant sobbing.

O'er the white waste, cold grimly overawes
And hushes life beneath its merciless laws ;
Invisible heat drops down from tropic skies,
And o'er the land, like an oppression, lies.

The clouds in heaven their placid motions borrow
From the funereal tread of men in sorrow ;
Or, when they scud across the stormy day,
Mimic the flight of hosts in disarray.

Mostly men's many-featured faces wear
Looks of fixed gloom, or else of restless care ;
The very babes, that in their cradles lie,
Out of the depths of unknown troubles cry.

Labour itself is but a sorrowful song,
The protest of the weak against the strong ;
Over rough waters, and in obstinate fields,
And from dank mines, the same sad sound it
yields.

O God ! the fountain of perennial gladness !
Thy whole creation overflows with sadness ;
Sights, sounds, are full of sorrow and alarm ;
Even sweet scents have but a pensive charm.

Doth Earth send nothing up to Thee but moans ?
Father ! canst Thou find melody in groans ?
Oh, can it be, that Thou, the God of bliss,
Canst feed Thy glory on a world like this ?

Ah me ! that sin should have such chemic power
To turn to dross the gold of Nature's dower,
And straightway, of its single self, unbind
The eternal vision of Thy jubilant mind !

Alas ! of all this sorrow there is need ;
For us Earth weeps, for us the creatures bleed :
Thou art content, if all this woe imparts
The sense of exile to repentant hearts.

Yes ! it is well for us : from these alarms,
Like children scared we fly into Thine arms ;
And pressing sorrows put our pride to rout
With a swift faith which has not time to doubt.

We cannot herd in peace with wild beasts rude ;
We dare not live in Nature's solitude ;
In how few eyes of men can we behold
Enough of love to make us calm and bold ?

Oh, it is well for us : with angry glance
Life glares at us, or looks at us askance :
Seek where we will,—Father ! we see it now,—
None love us, trust us, welcome us, but Thou.

SUNDAY

THOUGH heaven's above and earth's
below,
Yet are they but one state,
And each the other with sweet skill
Doth interpenetrate.

Yea, many a tie and office blest,
In earthly lots uneven,
Hath an immortal place to fill,
And is the root of heaven.

And surely Sundays bright and calm,
So calm, so bright as this,
Are tastes imparted from above
Of higher Sabbath bliss.

We own no gloomy ordinance,
No weary Jewish day,
But weekly Easters, ever bright
With pure domestic ray ;

A feast of thought, a feast of sight,
A feast of joyous sound,
A feast of thankful hearts, at rest,
From labour's wheel unbound ;

A day of such homekeeping bliss
As on the poor may wait,
With all such lower joys as best
Befit his human state.

He sees among the hornbeam boughs
The little sparkling flood ;
The mill-wheel rests, a quiet thing
Of black and mossy wood.

He sees the fields lie in the sun,
He hears the plovers crying ;
The plough and harrow, both upturned,
Are in the furrows lying.

In simple faith, he may believe
That earth's diurnal way
Doth, like its blessèd Maker, pause
Upon this hallowed day.

And should he ask, the happy man !
If heaven be aught like this ;—
'Tis heaven within him, breeding there
The love of quiet bliss.

Oh, leave the man, my fretful friend !
To follow Nature's ways,
Nor breathe to him that Christian feasts
Are no true holy days.

Is earth to be as nothing here,
Where we are sons of earth !
May not the body and the heart
Share in the spirit's mirth ?

When thou hast cut each earthly hold
Whereto his soul may cling,
Will the poor creature left behind
Be more a heavenly thing ?

Heaven fades away before our eyes,
Heaven fades within our heart,
Because in thought our heaven and earth
Are cast too far apart.

LOW SPIRITS

FEVER and fret and aimless stir
And disappointed strife,
All chafing unsuccessful things,
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil
And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
The flagging temper wears.

Sweet thought of God ! now do thy work
As thou hast done before ;
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

Frederick William Faber.

STARS

SEE! through the heavenly arch
With silent stately march
The starry ranks for ever sweep;
In graduate scale of might
They all are sons of light,
And all their times and orders keep.

O glorious, countless host,
Which shall I praise the most,
Your lustrous groups, or course exact?
Ye on your way sublime
Defy confusing time
Your light to dim, your path distract.

Earth's early fathers saw
The gospel and the law
In the firm beauty of the skies:
O Thou unswerving Will,
The unveiled heavens still
Show Thee as glorious, good, and wise.

Lord of the starry night,
With awe and with delight
Under Thy temple dome we pray:

The name of T. T. Lynch is well-known in Non-conformist circles as that of a hymn-writer, but he well deserves wider recognition. The poems here given are from "The Rivulet," a book of verses first published in 1855, and several times augmented.

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The name of T. T. Lynch is well-known in Non-conformist circles as that of a hymn-writer, but he well deserves wider recognition. The poems here given are from "The Rivulet," a book of verses first published in 1855, and several times augmented.

LOW SPIRITS

FEVER and fret and aimless stir
And disappointed strife,
All chafing unsuccessful things,
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil
And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
The flagging temper wears.

Sweet thought of God ! now do thy work
As thou hast done before ;
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

Frederick William Faber.

STARS

SEE! through the heavenly arch
With silent stately march
The starry ranks for ever sweep;
In graduate scale of might
They all are sons of light,
And all their times and orders keep.

O glorious, countless host,
Which shall I praise the most,
Your lustrous groups, or course exact?
Ye on your way sublime
Defy confusing time
Your light to dim, your path distract.

Earth's early fathers saw
The gospel and the law
In the firm beauty of the skies:
O Thou unswerving Will,
The unveiled heavens still
Show Thee as glorious, good, and wise.

Lord of the starry night,
With awe and with delight
Under Thy temple dome we pray:

The name of T. T. Lynch is well-known in Non-conformist circles as that of a hymn-writer, but he well deserves wider recognition. The poems here given are from "The Rivulet," a book of verses first published in 1855, and several times augmented.

Still as we gaze above,
 Temper our fear with love,
 That we may filial homage pay.

- Not as the primal force
 Impelling Nature's course
 We know Thee, but as Father dear :
 Oh, if with foolish mind
 We judge Thee weakly kind,
 Correct false love with filial fear.

PRAYER

I GIVE myself to prayer ;
 Lord, give Thyself to me,
 And let the time of my request
 Thy time of answer be.

My thoughts are like the reeds,
 And tremble as they grow,
 In the sad current of a life
 That darkly runs and slow.

No song is in the air,
 But one pervading fear ;
 Death's shadow dims my light, and
 Death
 Himself is lurking near.

I am as if asleep,
 Yet conscious that I dream ;

Like one who vainly strives to wake
And free himself, I seem.

The loud distressful cry
With which I call on Thee,
Shall wake me, Lord, to find that Thou
Canst give me liberty.

Oh, break this darksome spell,
This murky sadness strange,
Let me the terrors of the night
For cheerful day exchange.

Freshen the air with wind,
Comfort my heart with song ;
Let thoughts be lilies pure, and life
A river bright and strong.

Save me from subtle Death,
Who, serpent-like, by fear
Palsies me for escape, yet draws
His trembling victim near.

I give myself to prayer ;
Lord, give Thyself to me ;
And in the time of my distress,
Oh, haste and succour me.

INCONSTANCY

O H, were I ever what I am sometimes,
And never more what I sometimes have
been ;

For oft my spirit, singing as it climbs,
Can make of winter bleak a summer green :
And yet sometimes, and in the sunniest weather,
My work and I have fallen out together.

Now earth seems drossy, heaven the land of
gold,

Anon heaven fabulous, substantial earth ;
And sometimes in my God I can be bold,
And say, "What hopes are mine in right of
birth ?"

And yet sometimes at former faith I wonder,
And fears I once defied I now sink under.

Lord, rid me of this natural waywardness,
Unworthy one who is a child of thine ;
Calm let me be when rudest winds distress,
Nor lose occasion if the day be fine ;
But faithful to the light of sacred reason,
One heart be mine in every changing season.

Thomas Toke Lynch.

A NUN'S SONG

FAR among the lonely hills,
As I lay beside my sheep,
Rest came down upon my soul
From the everlasting deep.

Changeless march the stars above,
Changeless morn succeeds to even ;
And the everlasting hills
Changeless watch the changeless heaven.

See the rivers how they run
Changeless to the changeless sea ;
All around is forethought sure,
Fixed will and stern decree.

Can the sailor move the main ?
Will the potter heed the clay ?
Mortal, where the spirit drives
Thither must the wheels obey.

Neither ask, nor fret, nor strive ;
Where thy path is thou shalt go.
He who made the streams of time
Wafts thee down to weal or woe.

These songs of Charles Kingsley's are from "The
Saints' Tragedy" (1848).

A MOTHER'S SONG

DEEP in the warm vale the village is sleeping,
Sleeping the firs on the bleak rock above;
Nought wakes save grateful hearts, silently
creeping
Up to the Lord in the might of their love.

What Thou hast given to me, Lord, here I
bring Thee,
Odour and light and the magic of gold;
Feet which must follow Thee, lips which must
sing Thee,
Limbs which must ache for Thee ere they grow
old.

What Thou hast given to me, Lord, here I
tender,
Life of mine own life, the fruit of my love;
Take him, yet leave him me, till I shall render
Count of the precious charge, kneeling above.
Charles Kingsley.

“OLD things need not be therefore true,”
O brother men, nor yet the new ;
Ah ! still awhile the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again.

The souls of now two thousand years
Have laid up here their toils and fears,
And all the earnings of their pain,—
Ah, yet consider it again !

We ! what do we see ? each a space
Of some few yards before his face ;
Does that the whole wide plan explain ?
Ah, yet consider it again !

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain ;
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves vainly breaking
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent flooding in the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

WHERE lies the land to which the ship
would go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far-widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild north-westerns rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

DESIRE

THOU, who dost dwell alone,
Thou, who dost know Thine own
Thou, to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh save.
From the world's temptations,
From tribulations ;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish ;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave ;
Save, oh save.

When the Soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer :
When the Soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher :
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore ;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence :

Strong to deceive, strong to enslave,
Save, oh save.

From the ingrain'd fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature.
From grief, that is but passion,
From mirth, that is but feigning ;
From tears, that bring no healing ;
From wild and weak complaining ;
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, oh save.

From doubt, where all is double :
Where wise men are not strong ;
Where comfort turns to trouble,
Where just men suffer wrong ;
Where sorrow treads on joy :
Where sweet things soonest cloy :
Where faiths are built on dust :
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea ;
Oh, set us free.

O let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually.
O where thy voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb :
Let all words be mild :
All strifes be reconciled :
All pains beguil'd !

Light bring no blindness ;
Love no unkindness ;
Knowledge no ruin ;
Fear no undoing.
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh save

MORALITY

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides :
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish t'were done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
Ask, how *she* view'd thy self-control,
Thy struggling task'd morality ;
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,
See; on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek !
 "Ah, child !" she cries, "that strife
 divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine.

"There is no effort on *my* brow,
I do not strive, I do not weep ;
I rush with the swift spheres and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep.
 Yet that severe, that earnest air,
 I saw, I felt it once—but where ?

"I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space ;
I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.
 'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
 And lay upon the breast of God."
 Matthew Arnold.

AN EASTER HYMN

A WAKE, thou wintry earth,
Fling off thy sadness ;
Fair vernal flowers laugh forth
Your ancient gladness :
Christ is risen.

Wave, woods, your blossoms all,
Grim Death is dead ;
Ye weeping funeral trees,
Lift up your head.
Christ is risen.

Come, see, the graves are green ;
It is light ; let us go
Where our loved ones rest
In hope below.
Christ is risen.

All is fresh and new,
Full of spring and light ;
Wintry heart, why wearest the hue
Of sleep and night ?
Christ is risen.

This poem was first printed in the second edition of Fosbery's "Poems for the Sick and Suffering" (Rivington, 1850). Mr Blackburne was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, and after some time spent in literary work on the *Athenaeum*, he took orders. Two of his letters are printed in Hartley Coleridge's *Memoirs*.

Leave thy cares beneath,
Leave thy worldly love ;
Begin the better life
With God above.

Christ is risen.

Thomas Blackburne.

MAGNA EST VERITAS

HERE in this little bay,
Full of tumultuous life and great repose,
Where twice a day,
The purposeless glad ocean comes and goes,
Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town,
I sit me down.
For want of me the world's course will not fail ;
When all its work is done, the lie shall rot ;
The truth is great and shall prevail,
When none cares whether it prevail or not.

REMEMBERED GRACE

SINCE succour to the feeblest of the wise
Is charge of nobler weight
Than the security
Of many and many a foolish soul's estate,
This I affirm,
Though fools will fools more confidently be :
Whom God does once with heart to heart be-
friend,
He does so to the end :
And having planted Life's miraculous germ,
One sweet pulsation of responsive love,
He sets him sheer above,

Mr Coventry Patmore courteously allowed me
to choose these five poems from "The Unknown
Eros" (1877).

Not sin and bitter shame
And wreck of fame,
But Hell's insidious and more black attempt,
The envy, malice, and pride,
Which men who share so easily condone
That few ev'n list such ills as these to hide.
From these unalterably exempt,
Through the remembered grace
Of that divine embrace,
Of his sad errors none,
Though gross to blame,
Shall cast him lower than the cleansing flame,
Nor make him quite depart
From the small flock named "after God's own
heart,"
And to themselves unknown.
Nor can he quail
In faith, nor flush nor pale
When all the other idiot people spell
How this or that new prophet's word belies
Their last high oracle ;
But constantly his soul
Points to its pole
Ev'n as the needle points, and knows not why ;
And, under the ever-changing clouds of doubt,
When others cry,
"The stars, if stars there were,
Are quench'd and out !"
To him, uplooking t'ward the hills for aid,
Appear, at need displayed,
Gaps in the low-hung gloom, and bright in air,
Orion or the Bear.

VICTORY IN DEFEAT

AH, God, alas,
How soon it came to pass
The sweetness melted from Thy barbèd hook
Which I so simply took ;
And I lay bleeding on the bitter land,
Afraid to stir against Thy least command,
But losing all my pleasant life-blood, whence
Force should have been heart's frailty to with-
stand.

Life is not life at all without delight,
Nor has it any might ;
And better than the insentient heart and brain
Is sharpest pain ;
And better for the moment seems it to rebel,
If the great Master, from His lifted seat,
Ne'er whispers to the wearied servant " Well ! "
Yet what returns of love did I endure,
When to be pardon'd seem'd almost more sweet
Than aye to have been pure !
But day still faded to disastrous night,
And thicker darkness changed to feebler light,
Until forgiveness, without stint renew'd,
Was now no more with loving tears imbued,
Vowing no more offence.
Not less to thine unfaithful didst Thou cry,
" Come back, poor child ; be all as 'twas
before."

But I,
" No, no : I will not promise any more !
Yet, when I feel my hour is come to die,

And so I am secured of continence,
Then may I say, though haply then in vain,
'My only, only love, O take me back again.'"
Thereafter didst Thou smite
So hard that, for a space,
Uplifted seem'd heav'n's everlasting door,
And I indeed the darling of Thy grace.
But in some dozen changes of the moon
A bitter mockery seem'd thy bitter boon.
The broken pinion was no longer sore.
Again, indeed, I woke
Under so dread a stroke
That all the strength it left within my heart
Was just to ache and turn, and then to turn and
ache
And some weak sign of war unceasingly to
make.
And here I lie,
With no one near to mark,
Thrusting Hell's phantoms feebly in the dark,
And still at point more utterly to die.
O God, how long!
Put forth indeed Thy powerful right hand,
While time is yet,
Or never shall I see the blissful land!
Thus I: then God, in pleasant speech and
strong,
(Which soon I shall forget):
"The man who, though his fights be all defeats,
Still fights,
Enters at last
The heavenly Jerusalem's rejoicing streets
With glory more, and more triumphant rites,

Than always-conquering Joshua's, when his
blast
The frightened walls of Jericho down cast ;
And lo ! the glad surprise
Of peace beyond surmise,
More than in common saints, for ever in his
eyes."

THE TOYS

MY little son, who look'd from thoughtful
eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet,
And I with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters, and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,

And two French copper coins; ranged there
 with careful art,
 To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I pray'd
 To God, I wept, and said : —
 Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
 Not vexing Thee in death,
 And Thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,
 How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good;
 Then Fatherly not less
 Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath and say,
 "I will be sorry for their childishness."

"LET BE!"

AH, yes; we tell the good and evil trees
 By fruits: But how tell these?
 Who does not know
 That good and ill
 Are done in secret still,
 And that which shows is verily but show!
 How high of heart is one, and one how sweet
 of mood;
 But not all height is holiness,
 Nor every sweetness good;
 And grace will sometimes lurk where who could
 guess?

The Critic of his kind
Dealing to each his share,
With easy humour, hard to bear,
May not ~~impossibly~~ have in him shrined
As in a gossamer globe, or thickly-padded pod,
Some small seed dear to God.
Haply yon wretch, so famous for his falls,
Got them beneath the devil-defended walls
Of some high virtue he had vow'd to win ;
And that which you and I
Call his besetting sin
Is but the fume of his peculiar fire
Of inmost ~~contrary~~ desire,
And means wild ~~willingness~~ for her to die,
Dash'd with ~~despondence~~ of her favour sweet ;
He fiercer fighting, in his worst defeat,
Than I or you,
That only courteous greet
Where he does hotly woo,
Did ever fight, in our best victory.
Another is mistook
Through his deceitful likeness to his look !
Let be, let be ;
Why should I clear myself, ~~why answer~~ thou
for me ?
That shaft of slander shot
Miss'd only the right blot.
I see the shame
They cannot see :
'Tis very just they blame
The thing that's not.

Coventry Patmore.

IN spring the green leaves shoot,
In spring the blossoms fall,
With summer falls the fruit,
The leaves in autumn fall,
Contented from the bough
They drop, leaves, blossoms now,
And ripen'd fruit ; the warm earth takes them all.

Thus all things ask for rest,
A home above, a home beneath the sod :
The sun will seek the west,
The bird will seek its nest,
The heart another breast
Whereon to lean, the spirit seeks its God.

THE LESSON

I SAID, This task is keen—
But even while I spake, Thou, Love divine
Didst stand behind and gently over-lean
My drooping form, and oh, what task had been
Too stern for feebleness with help of Thine ?
Spell Thou this lesson with me line by line,

The poems of Dora Greenwell have not of late met with the appreciation they deserve. I have to thank Miss Greenwell's biographer, the Rev. W. Dorling, for obtaining the leave of her brother and literary executor to this selection.

The sense is rigid, but the voice, is dear ;
Guide Thou my hand within that hand of
Thine,
Thy wounded hand, until its tremblings take
Strength from Thy touch, and even for Thy
sake
Trace out each character in outline clear.

ONE FRIEND

S AID a sick and lonely child,
“Often have I tired of thee,
Tired of all thy answers mild,
Heard so oft, so wearily ;
Wilt thou never tire of me,
Gentle Patience ? Now look forth
From our window looking north,
And tell us where the others play,
All this long, warm summer day.”

“Love is standing in the sun,
Joy and Beauty at his side,
Now in one their shadows run.
Hope has sent an arrow wide ;
Shading from his brow the light,
Now I see him watch its flight.”

“Oh, that they would look this way,
Oh, that to this quiet room
They would come awhile to play !
See my rose-tree all in bloom,

See the flowers I dried last spring ;
Hear my little linnet sing
In his cage ! they need not stay
Longer than they please ! ” The child
Patience soothed with answer mild.

Dora Greenwell.

A NEW AND OLD YEAR SONG

PASSING away, saith the World, passing
away :

Chances, beauty, and youth sapped day by day :
Thy life never continueth in one stay.

Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair changing
to gray

That hath won neither laurel nor bay ?

I shall clothe myself in spring and bud in May :

Thou, root-stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay

On my bosom for aye.

Then I answered : Yea.

Passing away, saith my Soul, passing away,
With its burden of fear and hope, of labour and
play ;

Hearken what the past doth witness and say :

Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array,

A canker is in thy bud, thy leaf must decay.

At midnight, at cockcrow, at morning, one
certain day,

The first two poems by Miss Rossetti are from the
"Goblin Market" volume, the second, "From House
to Home," being an extract from a much longer piece
so called. For leave to include them my thanks are
due to author and publishers (Messrs Macmillan)
conjointly. The rest of the selection is from the
volume entitled "Verses," by leave of the Society for
Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Lo, the Bridegroom shall come and shall not
delay :

Watch thou and pray.

Then I answered : Yea.

Passing away, saith my God, passing away :

Winter passeth after the long delay :

New grapes on the vine, new figs on the tender
spray,

Turtle calleth turtle in Heaven's May.

Though I tarry, wait for Me, trust Me, watch
and pray.

Arise, come away, night is past, and lo, it is day,
My love, My sister, My spouse, thou shalt hear
Me say.

Then I answered : Yea.

FROM HOUSE TO HOME

THEN earth and heaven were rolled up like
a scroll ;

Time and space, change and death, had
passed away ;

Weight, number, measure, each had reached its
whole ;

The day had come, that day.

Multitudes—multitudes—stood up in bliss,

Made equal to the angels, glorious, fair ;

With harps, palms, wedding-garments, kiss of
peace,

And crowned and haloed hair.

They sang a song, a new song in the height,
Harping with harps to Him who is strong
and true :
They drank new wine, their eyes saw with new
light,
Lo, all things were made new.

Tier beyond tier they rose and rose and rose
So high that it was dreadful, flames with
flames :
No man could number them, no tongue disclose
Their secret sacred names.

As though one pulse stirred all, one rush of blood
Fed all, one breath swept through them
myriad-voiced,
They struck their harps, cast down their crowns,
they stood
And worshipped and rejoiced.

Each face looked one way like a moon new-lit,
Each face looked one way towards its Sun of
Love ;
Drank love, and bathed in love, and mirrored it,
And knew no end thereof.

Glory touched glory on each blessed head,
Hands locked dear hands never to sunder more,
These were the new-begotten from the dead
Whom the great birthday bore.

Heart answered heart, soul answered soul at rest
 Double against each other, filled, sufficed :
 All loving, loved of all ; but loving best
 And best beloved of Christ.

“THE WILL OF THE LORD
 BE DONE”

O LORD, fulfil thy will,
 Be the days few or many, good or ill :
 Prolong them, to suffice
 For offering up ourselves Thy sacrifice ;
 Shorten them if Thou wilt,
 To make in righteousness an end of guilt.
 Yea, they will not be long
 To souls who learn to sing a patient song ;
 Yea, short they will not be
 To souls on tiptoe to flee home to Thee.
 O Lord, fulfil Thy will :
 Make Thy will ours, and keep us patient still,
 Be the days few or many, good or ill.

“THAT WHERE I AM, THERE YE
 MAY BE ALSO”

HOW know I that it looms lovely, that land
 I have never seen,
 With morning-glories, and heartsease, and un-
 exampled green,

With neither heat nor cold in the balm-redolent
air ?

Some of this, not all, I know ; but this is so :
Christ is there.

How know I that blessedness befalls who dwell
in Paradise,

The outwearied hearts refreshing, rekindling the
worn-out eyes,

All souls singing, seeing, rejoicing everywhere ?

Nay, much more than this I know ; for this
is so :

Christ is there.

O Lord Christ, whom having not seen I love
and desire to love,

O Lord Christ, who lookest on me uncomely,
yet still Thy dove,

Take me to Thee in Paradise, Thine own made
fair ;

For whatever else I know, this thing is so :
Thou art there.

SOONER or later : yet at last
The Jordan must be past ;

It may be he will overflow
His banks the day we go ;

It may be that his cloven deep
Will stand up as an heap.

Sooner or later : yet one day
We all must pass that way ;

Each man, each woman, humbled, pale,
Pass veiled within the veil ;

Child, parent, bride, companion,
Alone, alone, alone.

For none a ransom can be paid,
A suretyship be made :

I, bent by mine own burden, must
Enter my house of dust ;

I, rated to the full amount,
Must render mine account.

When earth and sea shall empty all
Their graves of great and small ;

When earth wrapped in a fiery flood
Shall no more hide her blood ;

When mysteries shall be revealed ;
All secrets be unsealed ;

When things of night, when things of shame
Shall find at last a name,

Pealed for a hissing and a curse
Throughout the universe :

Then awful Judge, most awful God,
Then cause to bud Thy rod,

To bloom with blossoms, and to give
Almonds ; yea, bid us live.

I plead Thyself with Thee, I plead
Thee in our utter need :

Jesus, most merciful of men,
Show mercy on us then ;

Lord God of mercy and of men
Show mercy on us then.

A CHILL blank world. Yet over the utmost
sea
The light of a coming dawn is rising to me,
No more than a paler shade of darkness as yet ;
While I lift my heart, O Lord, my heart unto
Thee
Who hast not forgotten me, yea, who wilt
not forget.

Forget not Thy sorrowful servant, O Lord my
God,
Weak as I cry, faint as I cry underneath Thy
rod,
Soon to lie dumb before Thee, a body devoid
of breath,
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, a sod to the sod :
Forget not my life, O my Lord, forget not
my death.

✓
O FOOLISH soul! to make thy count
For languid falls and much forgiven,
When like a flame thou mightest mount
To storm and carry heaven.

A life so faint,—is this to live?
A goal so mean,—is this a goal?
Christ love thee, remedy, forgive,
Save thee, O foolish soul.

“A VAIN SHADOW”

THE world,—~~what a~~ world, ah me!
Mouldy, worm-eaten, gray;
Vain as a leaf from a tree,
As a fading day,
As veriest vanity,
As the froth and the spray
Of the hollow-billowed sea,
As what was and shall not be,
As what is and passes away.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

S. PAUL *speaks*

GOD, who at sundry times in manners many
Spake to the fathers and is speaking still,
Eager to find if ever or if any
Souls will obey and hearken to His will,—

Who that one moment has the least descried Him,
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him,
Pleasures and powers that are not and that
are,—

Ay amid all men bear himself thereafter,
Smit with a solemn and a sweet surprise,
Dumb to their scorn, and turning on their laughter
Only the dominance of earnest eyes?—

God, who, whatever frenzy of our fretting
Vexes sad life to spoil and to destroy,
Lendeth an hour for peace and for forgetting,
Setteth in pain the jewel of his joy:—

Gentle and faithful, tyrannous and tender;
Ye that have known Him, is He sweet to
know?
Softly he touches, for the reed is slender,
Wisely enkindles, for the flame is low.

From "St Paul": the text was printed by the
author's desire from the latest edition (1894).

God, who when Enoch from the earth was hidden
Saved him from death, and Noë from the sea,
Chose Him a people for His purpose bidden,
Found in Chaldæa the elect Chaldee,—

God, who, His promise thro' the ages keeping,
Called him from Charran, summoned him from
Ur,
Gave to his wife a laughter and a weeping,
Light to the nations and a son for her,—

God, who in Israel's bondage and bewailing
Heard them and granted them their heart's
desire,
Clave them the deep with power and with pre-
vailing,
Gloomed in the cloud and glowed into the fire,

Fed them with manna, furnished with a fountain,
Followed with waves the raising of the rod,
Drew them and drave, till Moses on the mountain
Died of the kisses of the lips of God ;—

God, who was not in earth when it was shaken,
Could not be found in fury of the flame,
Then to His seer, the faithful and forsaken,
Softly was manifest and spake by name,

Showed him a remnant barred from the betrayal,
Close in his Carmel, where the caves are dim,
So many knees that had not bent to Baal,
So many mouths that had not kissed him,—

God, who to glean the vineyard of his choosing
Sent them evangelists till day was done,
Bore with the churls, their wrath and their
refusing,—
Gave at the last the glory of His Son :—

Lo, as in Eden, when the days were seven,
Pison thro' Havilah that softly ran
Bore on his breast the changes of the heaven,
Felt on his shores the silence of a man :

Silence, for Adam, when the day departed
Left him in twilight with his charge to keep,
Careless and confident and single-hearted,
Trusted in God and turned himself to sleep :

Then in the midnight stirring in his slumber
Opened his vision on the heights and saw
New without name or ordinance or number,
Set for a marvel, silent for an awe,

Stars in the firmament above him beaming,
Stars, in the firmament, alive and free,
Stars, and of stars the innumerable streaming,
Deep in the deeps, a river in the sea ;—

These as he watched thro' march of their arising,
Many in multitudes and one by one,
Somewhat from God with a superb surprising
Breathed in his eyes the promise of the sun.

So tho' our Daystar from our sight be taken,
Gone from His brethren, hidden from His own,

Yet in His setting are we not forsaken,
Suffer not shadows of the dark alone.

Not in the west is Thine appearance ended,
Neither from dark shall Thy renewal be,
Lo, for the firmament in spaces splendid
Lighteth her beacon-fires ablaze for Thee :

Holds them and hides and drowns them and
discovers,
Throngs them together, kindles them afar,
Showeth, O Love, Thy multitude of lovers,
Souls that shall know Thee and the saints that
are.

Look what a company of constellations !
Say, can the sky so many lights contain ?
Hath the great earth these endless generations ?
Are there so many purified thro' pain ?

Witness the wonder when Thy saints assembled
Waited the message, and the message came ;
Ay with hearts tremulous and house that
trembled,
Ay with the Paraclete that fell in flame.

Witness the men whom with a word he gaineth,
Bold who were base and voiceful who were
dumb :—
Battle, I know, so long as life remaineth,
Battle for all, but these have overcome.

Witness the women, of His children sweetest,—
Scarcely earth seeth them, but earth shall
see,—
Thou in their woe Thine agony completest,
Christ, and their solitude is nigh to Thee.

What is this psalm from pitiable places
Glad where the messengers of peace have trod;
Whose are these beautiful and holy faces
Lit with their loving and aflame with God?

Eager and faint, impassionate and lonely,
These in their hour shall prophesy again:
This is His will who hath endured, and only
Sendeth the promise where He sends the pain.

Ay unto these distributeth the Giver
Sorrow and sanctity, and loves them well,
Grants them a power and passion to deliver
Hearts from the prison-house and souls from
hell.

Thinking hereof, I wot not if the portal
Opeth already to my Lord above:
Lo, there is no more mortal and immortal,
Nought is on earth or in the heavens but love.

Surely He cometh, and a thousand voices
Call to the saints and to the deaf are dumb;
Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices,
Glad in His coming who hath sworn, I come.

This hath He done, and shall we not adore Him?
This shall He do, and can we still despair?
Come, let us quickly fling ourselves before Him,
Cast at His feet the burthen of our care,

Flash from our eyes the glow of our thanksgiving,
Glad and regretful, confident and calm,
Then thro' all life, and what is after living,
Thrill to the tireless music of a psalm.

Yea, thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro'
sinning,
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed :
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.
Frederic W. H. Myers.

BARNFLOOR AND WINEPRESS

"If the Lord do not help thee, whence shall I help thee? out of the barn-floor, or out of the winepress?"—2 KINGS vi. 27.

THOU who on Sin's wages starvest,
Behold we have the Joy of Harvest :
For us was gathered the First-fruits,
For us was lifted from the roots,
Sheaved in cruel bands, bruised sore,
Scourged upon the threshing-floor,
Where the upper millstone roofed His Head,
At morn we found the Heavenly Bread ;
And on a thousand altars laid,
Christ our Sacrifice is made.

Thou, whose dry plot for moisture gapes,
We shout with them that tread the grapes ;
For us the Vine was fenced with thorn,
Five ways the precious branches torn.
Terrible fruit was on the tree
In the acre of Gethsemane :

A selection of poems by the late Father Hopkins, S.J., appeared, with a critical notice by Mr Robert Bridges, in Miles's "Poets of the Century," Vol. viii. Those in this anthology, which are all, except the last two pieces, printed for the first time, are given by kind leave of the poet's father, Mr Manley Hopkins. The reader who finds these to his taste should turn to those in Mr Miles's volume, which are also religious for the most part.

For us by Calvary's distress
The Wine was rackèd from the press ;
Now, in our altar-vessels stored,
Lo, the sweet Vintage of the Lord !

In Joseph's garden they threw by
The riven Vine, leafless, lifeless, dry :
On Easter morn the Tree was forth,
In forty days reached Heaven from earth,—
Soon the whole world is overspread :
Ye weary, come into the shade.

The field where He hath planted us
Shall shake her fruit as Libanus,
When He hath sheaved us in His sheaf,
When He has made us bear His leaf.
We scarcely call that banquet food,
But even our Saviour's and our blood,
We are so grafted on His wood.

GOD'S GRANDEUR

THE world is charged with the grandeur of
God.

It will flame out, like shining from shook foil ;
It gathers to a greatness like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck
His rod ?

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod ;

And all is seared with trade ; bleared, smeared
with toil ;
And bears man's smudge, and shares man's
smell ; the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel being shod.
And for all this, nature is never spent ;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down
things ;
And though the last lights from the black west
went,
Oh, morning at the brown brink eastwards
springs—
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast, and with,
ah, bright wings.

HEAVEN HAVEN

(A NUN TAKES THE VEIL)

I HAVE desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

MORNING, MIDDAY, AND
EVENING SACRIFICE

THE dappled die-away
Cheek and wimpled lip,
The gold-wisp, the airy-gray
Eye, all in fellowship—
This, all this, beauty blooming,
This, all this, freshness fuming,
Give God while worth consuming.

Both thought and thew now bolder
And told by Nature tower ;
Head, heart, hand, heel, and shoulder
That beat and breathe in power—
This pride of prime's enjoyment
Take as for tool, not toy meant,
And hold at Christ's employment.

The vault and scope and schooling,
And mastery in the mind,
In silk ash, kept from cooling,
And ripest under rind—
What Death half lifts the latch of,
What Hell stalks towards the snatch of,
Your offering, with despatch, of !

HYMN

THEE, God, I come from, to thee go,
All day long I like fountain flow
From thy hand out, swayed about
Mote-like in thy mighty glow.

What I know of thee I bless,
As acknowledging thy stress
On my being, and as seeing
Something of thy holiness.

Once I turned from thee and hid,
Bound on what thou hadst forbid ;
Sow the wind I would ; I sinned :
I repent of what I did.

Bad I am, but yet thy child.
Father, be thou reconciled.
Spare thou me, since I see
With thy might that thou art mild.

I have life left with me still,
And thy purpose to fulfil ;
Yes, a debt to pay thee yet :
Help me, sir, and so I will.

SPRING AND FALL

TO A YOUNG CHILD

MARGARET, are you grieving
Over Golden grove unleaving?
Leaves like the things of man you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah, as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though world of wanhood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow's springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, no, nor mind expressed
What heart heard of ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

Gerard Hopkins.

Line 8.— An earlier and plainer reading is,
"Though forests low and leafmeal lie."

THE SHRINE

THERE is a shrine whose golden gate
 Was opened by the Hand of God ;
 It stands serene, inviolate,
 Though millions have its pavement trod ;
 As fresh as when the first sunrise
 Awoke the lark in Paradise.

'Tis compass'd with the dust and toil
 Of common days, yet should there fall
 A single speck, a single soil,
 Upon the whiteness of its wall,
 The angels' tears in tender rain
 Would make the temple theirs again.

Without, the world is tired and old ;
 But once within the enchanted door,
 The mists of time are backward rolled,
 And creeds and ages are no more,

Digby Mackworth-Dolben was drowned while bathing. His verses, a few of which are here printed for the first time, show remarkable poetical gifts. "The Shrine" is an original and most successful contribution to a class of poems where success is rare and difficult, poems of filial love ; and should be widely popular. The second poem, somewhat more youthful in manner, and bearing plain traces of Rossetti's influence, may be printed here for the beauty of many of its lines. The first verse is an especially fine piece of imagination.

But all the human-hearted meet
In one communion vast and sweet.

I enter ; all is simply fair,
Nor incense clouds, nor carven throne,
But in the fragrant morning air
A gentle lady sits alone ;
My mother—ah ! whom should I see
Within, save ever only thee ?

A SONG OF THE NEW JERUSALEM

SING me the men ere this
Who, to the gate that is
A cloven pearl, uprapt,
The big white bars between
With dying eyes have seen
The sea of jasper, lapt
About with crystal sheen.

And all the far pleasance
Where linkèd angels dance,
With scarlet wings that fall
Magnifical, or spread
Most sweetly overhead,
In fashion musical
Of cadenced lutes instead.

Sing me the town they saw,
 Withouten fleck or flaw ;
 A flame, more fine than glass
 Of fair Abbayes the boast,—
 More glad than wax of cost
 Doth make at Candlemas
 The Lifting of the Host.

Where many Knights and Dames,
 With new and wondrous names,
 One great Laudate psalm
 Go singing down the street.
 'Tis peace upon their feet,
 In hand 'tis pilgrim palm
 Of Holy Land so sweet.

Where Mother Mary walks
 'Mid silver lily stalks,
 Star-tirèd, moon-bedight :
 Where Cecily is seen,
 With Dorothy in green,
 And Magdalen all white,
 The maidens of the Queen.

Sing on—the steps untrod,
 The temple that is God—
 Where incense doth ascend,
 Where mount the cries and tears
 Of all the dolorous years,
 With moan that ladies send
 Of durance and sore fears.

And him who sitteth there,
The Christ of purple hair,
And great eyes, deep with ruth,
Who is, of all things fair,
That shall be, or that were,
The sum and very Truth.
Then add a little prayer,

That since all these be so,
Our Liege, who doth us know,
Would 'fend from Sathanas,
And bring us, of His grace
To that His joyous place,
So we the doom may pass
And see Him in the Face.

REQUESTS.

I ASKED for Peace,—
My sins arose
And bound me close,
I could not find release.

I asked for Truth,—
My doubts came in,
And with their din,
They wearied all my youth.

I asked for Love,—
My lovers failed,
And griefs assailed
Around, beneath, above.

I asked for Thee,—
And Thou didst come
To take me home,
Within Thy heart to be.
Digby Mackworth-Dolben.

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

IF I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness ;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face ;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not ; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain :
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake ;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in !

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

*A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door.
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot :
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.*

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn ;

From "Underwoods" (1887).

And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendour ; here
The army of the stars appear.
The neighbour hollows, dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset ;
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
When daisies go, shall winter-time
Silver the simple grass with rime ;
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool,
And make the cart-ruts beautiful ;
And when snow-bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands !
To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

LONGING

O ALL wide places, far from feverous towns;
Great shining seas; pine forests; mountains
wild;

Rock-bosomed shores; rough heaths, and sheep-
cropt downs;

Vast pallid clouds; blue spaces undefiled—
Room! give me room! give loneliness and air—
Free things and plenteous in your regions fair.

White dove of David, flying overhead,
Golden with sunlight on thy snowy wings,
Outspeeding thee my longing thoughts are fled
To find a home afar from men or things;
Where in His temple, earth o'erarched with sky,
God's heart to mine may speak, my heart reply.

O God of mountains, stars, and boundless spaces,
O God of freedom and of joyous hearts,
When Thy face looketh forth from all men's
faces,

There will be room enough in crowded marts!
Brood Thou around me, and the noise is o'er,
Thy universe my closet with shut door.

Heart, heart, awake! The love that loveth all
Maketh a deeper calm than Horeb's cave,

Shortened, with the author's leave, from a poem in
"*Organ Songs*."

God in thee, can His children's folly gall ?

Love may be hurt, but shall not love be
brave ?—

Thy holy silence sinks in dews of balm ;

Thou art my solitude, my mountain-calm !

George Macdonald.

AH, that sharp thrill through all my frame !
And yet once more ! Withstand
I can no longer ; in Thy name
I yield me to Thy hand.

Such pangs were in the soul unborn,
The fear, the joy were such,
When first it felt in that keen morn
A dread creating touch.

Maker of man, Thy pressure sure
This grosser stuff must quell ;
The spirit faints, yet will endure ;
Subdue, control, compel.

The Potter's finger shaping me—
Praise, praise ! the clay curves up
Not for dishonour, though it be
God's least adornèd cup.

A SPEAKER TO GOD

THUS it shall be a lifetime,—ne'er to meet ;
A trackless land divides us lone and long ;
Others who seek Him find, run swift to greet
Their Friend, approach the Bridegroom's door
with song.

From " Poems " (1876).

I stand, nor dare affirm I see or hear ;
How should I dream, when strict is my
employ ?

Yet if some time, far hence, Thou drawest near,
Shall there be any joy like to our joy ?

Edward Dowden.

JOY

JOY, sweetest lifeborn Joy, where dost thou dwell?

Upon the formless moments of our being
Flitting, to mock the ear that heareth well,
To escape the trained eye that strains in seeing,
Dost thou fly with us whither we are fleeing;
Or home in our creations, to withstand
Black-wingèd Death, that slays the making hand?

The making mind, that must untimely perish
Amidst its work which time may not destroy,
The beauteous forms which man shall love to
cherish,
The glorious songs that combat Earth's annoy?
Thou dost dwell here, I know, divinest Joy:
But they who build thy towers fair and strong,
Of all that toil, feel most of care and wrong.

Sense is so tender, O and hope so high,
That common pleasures mock their hope and
sense;
And swifter than doth lightning from the sky
The ecstasy they pine for flashes hence,
Leaving the darkness and the woe immense,

Mr Bridges' sonnets are from "The Growth of Love";
the other pieces from "Shorter Poems."

Wherewith it seems no thread of life was woven,
Nor doth the track remain where once 'twas
 cloven.

And heaven and all the stable elements
That guard God's purpose mock us, though the
 mind

Be spent in searching : for His old intents
We see were never for our joy designed :
They shine as doth the bright sun on the blind,
Or like His pensioned stars, that hymn above
His praise, but not toward us, that God is love.

For who so well hath wooed the maiden hours
As quite to have won the worth of their rich
 show,

To rob the night of mystery, or the flowers
Of their sweet delicacy ere they go ?
Nay, even the dear occasion when we know,
We miss the joy, and on the gliding day
The special glories float and pass away.

Only life's common plod : still to repair
The body and the thing which perisheth :
The soil, the smutch, the toil and ache and wear,
The grinding enginry of blood and breath,
Pain's random darts, the heartless spade of
 Death :

All is but grief, and heavily we call
On the last terror for the end of all.

Then comes the happy moment : not a stir
In any tree, no portent in the sky :

The morn doth neither hasten nor defer,
The morrow hath no name to call it by,
But life and joy are one,—we know not why,—
As though our very blood long breathless lain
Had tasted of the breath of God again.

And having tasted it I speak of it,
And praise Him thinking how I trembled then
When His touch strengthened me, as now I sit
In wonder, reaching out beyond my ken,
Reaching to turn the day back, and my pen
Urging to tell a tale which told would seem
The witless phantasy of them that dream.

But O most blessèd truth, for truth thou art,
Abide thou with me till my life shall end.
Divinity hath surely touched my heart ;
I have possessed more joy than earth can lend :
I may attain what time shall never spend.
Only let not my duller days destroy
The memory of thy witness and my joy.

SINCE to be loved endures,
To love is wise :
Earth hath no good but yours,
Brave, joyful eyes :

Earth hath no sin but thine,
Dull eye of scorn :
O'er thee the sun doth pine,
And angels mourn.

WHEN I see childhood on the threshold
seize

The prize of life from age and likelihood,
I mourn time's change that will not be withstood,
Thinking how Christ said, *Be like one of these*.
For in the forest among many trees
Scarce one in all is found that hath made good
The virgin pattern of its slender wood,
That courtesied in joy to every breeze ;
But scathed, but knotted trunks that raise on high
Their arms in stiff contortion, strained and
bare :

Whose crowns in patriarchal sorrow sigh.
So little children ye—nay, nay, ye ne'er
From me shall learn how sure the change and
nigh,
When ye shall share our strength and mourn
to share.

THESE meagre rhymes which a returning
mood

Sometimes o'errateth, I as oft despise :
And knowing them ill-natured, stiff, and rude,
See them as others with contemptuous eyes.
Nay, and I wonder less at God's respect
For man, a minim jot in time and space,
Than at the soaring faith of His elect,
That gift of gifts, the comfort of His grace.

O truth unsearchable, O heavenly love,
Most infinitely tender, so to touch
The work that we can meanly reckon of :
Surely—I say—we are favoured overmuch.
But of this wonder, what doth most amaze
Is that we know our love is held for praise.

PATER NOSTER

ETERNAL FATHER, who didst all
create,

In whom we live and to whose bosom move,
To all men be Thy name known which is Love,
Till its loud praises sound at heaven's high gate.
Perfect Thy kingdom in our passing state,
That here on earth Thou mayst as well approve
Our service as Thou ownest theirs above,
Whose joy we echo and in pain await.

Grant body and soul each day their daily bread :
And should in spite of grace fresh woe begin,
Even as our anger soon is past and dead
Be Thy remembrance mortal of our sin :
By Thee in paths of peace Thy sheep be led,
And in the vale of terror comforted.

LAUS DEO

LET praise devote thy work, and skill
employ

Thy whole mind, and thy heart be lost in joy.

Well-doing bringeth pride ; this constant thought

Humility, that thy best done is nought.

Man doeth nothing well, be it great or small,

Save to praise God ; but that hath saved all :

For God requires no more than thou hast done,

And takes thy work to bless it for His own.

Robert Bridges.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I FLED Him, down the nights and down the
days ;

I fled Him, down the arches of the years ;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways

Of my own mind ; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.

Up vistaed hopes I sped ;

And shot, precipitated

Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,

From those strong feet that followed, followed
after

But with unhurrying chase,

And unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,

They beat—and a voice beat

More instant than the feet ;

“ All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

•

I pleaded outlaw-wise,

By many a hearted casement, curtained red,

Trellised with intertwining charities ;

(For, though I knew His love who followèd,

Yet was I sore adread

Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside)

But, if one little casement parted wide,

The gust of His approach would clash it to.

Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.

From “ Poems ” (1893).

Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their changèd bars ;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to dawn : Be sudden—to eve : Be soon ;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover !
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see !
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue ;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue ;
Or whether, thunder-driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o'
their feet :
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
“Nought shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.”

I sought no more that, after which I strayed,
In face of man or maid ;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me !

I turned me to them very wistfully ;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
 With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
“Come then, ye other children, Nature’s—share
With me” (said I) “your delicate fellowship ;
 Let me greet you lip to lip,
 Let me twine with you caresses,
 Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother’s vagrant tresses,
 Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured dais,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
 From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring.”
 So it was done :
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature’s secrecies.
 I knew all the swift importings
 On the wilful face of skies ;
 I knew how the clouds arise
 Spumèd of the wild sea-snotings ;
 All that’s born or dies
 Rose and drooped with—made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine,
 With them joyed and was bereaven.
 I was heavy with the even,
 When she lit her glimmering tapers
 Round the day’s dead sanctities :
 I laughed in the morning’s eyes,
I triumphed and *I* saddened with all weather ;
 Heaven and *I* wept together,

And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine ;
Against the red throb of its sunset heart

I laid my own to beat,

And share commingling heat ;

But not by that, by that, was eased my human
smart.

In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's gray
cheek,

For ah ! we know not what each other says,

These things and I ; in sound *I* speak,

Their sound is but their stir, they speak by
silences.

Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drought ;

Let her, if she would owe me,

Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me

The breasts o' her tenderness :

Never did any milk of hers once bless

My thirsting mouth.

Nigh and nigh draws the chase,

With unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy ;

And past those noisèd Feet,

A Voice comes yet more fleet ;

“Lo ! naught contents thee, who content'st
not Me.”

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke !

My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn
from me,

And smitten me to my knee ;

I am defenceless utterly.

I slept, methinks, and woke,

And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.

In the rash lustihead of my young powers,

I shook the pillaring hours

And pulled my life upon me ; grimed with
smears,

I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years ;
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap,
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.

Yea, faileth now even dream

The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist ;

Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy
twist

I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding : cords of all too weak account
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.

Ah ! is Thy love indeed

A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,

Suffering no flowers except its own to mount ?

Ah ! must—

Designer infinite !

Ah ! must thou char the wood ere thou canst
limn with it ?

My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the
dust ;

And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever

From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.

Such is ; what is it to be ?

The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind ?

I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds ;

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds

From the hid battlements of Eternity,

Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glímpsed turrets slowly wash
again ;

But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned ;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
Be dinged with rotten death ?

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit ;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea—
“And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard ?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me !

“Strange, piteous, futile thing !
Wherefore should any set thee love apart ?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught” (He
said),

“And human love needs human meriting :
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot ?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art !
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me ?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My
arms.

All which thy child's mistake

Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home :
Rise, clasp My hand, and come."

Halts by me that footfall :
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of his hand, outstretched caressingly ?
" Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest !
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me ! "

Francis Thompson.

DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

IN the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow
dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb,
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the life-long aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man's uncertain of his own name,
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved and the last tear
shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead,
The Angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grows small ;
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

Anon.

From Mr Quiller-Couch's "Oxford Book of English Verse." In the magazine in which it first appeared it is signed "R. D. B."

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